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## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Narrative of the Ashantee War; with a View of the Present State of the Colony of Sierra Leone.* By Major Ricketts. 8vo. pp. 221. London, 1831. Simpkin and Marshall; Egerton; Ridgway.

THE only surviving officer who witnessed most of the events here related on the Gold Coast, it is a melancholy task to follow Major Ricketts' narrative of barbarities and massacres. A long resident in that fatal climate, he saw all his brother Europeans perish around him; and his account of their fate, and of the war waged for years with great loss and little success on the part of the colonists and their native allies against the Ashantees, contains much to interest the reader.

The history begins with 1822, when Sir Charles MacCarthy arrived as governor of the western coast of Africa; soon after which, the disputes with the Ashantees led to blows. It is not worth our while to enter into the minutiae of the quarrel—the demand of tribute, the murder of a sergeant of our colonial regiment, and the feud with the Fantees;— suffice it to say, that every attempt at reconciliation failed. Among other measures, Sir C. MacCarthy went to Annamaboe, whither his journey is thus described:—

“He and his suite were conveyed in carriages drawn by natives, six to each vehicle, which accommodated two persons: the carriages were drawn by these men at the rate of six miles an hour, which, considering the unfinished state of the road, was astonishing,—and the more so, as they were not at all fatigued on their arrival at Annamaboe. Neither horses, donkeys, nor mules, thrive on the Gold Coast. These animals have frequently been brought there from other parts of the coast, but always died in a short time after being landed. At Accra, where the ships of the squadron are chiefly supplied with live stock, consisting of a small breed of cows and bullocks, with sheep and turkeys, obtained near the river Volta, they answer much better than at any other of the European possessions of the Gold Coast; and horses have been known to live there for several years. The manner in which the Europeans travel in the vicinity of the forts where the road will allow of it, and they possess the means, is that which has been just described; and where the paths are narrow, they are carried in what is called a hammock, which is a piece of board about two feet in length, and half as broad, having two holes at each end fastened to a bamboo pole, very tight but strong, leaving sufficient room between to enable the traveller, who sits sideways on the board, with his feet resting on a smaller board below, dependent from the other, leaning his chest against the pole, and resting his arms on it, which is carried alternately on the shoulders and heads of two men. The native chiefs travel in this manner, and also in baskets made like a child's cradle, in which they can recline at full length, or sit up; the basket is also carried on the heads of men. • • •

“It appeared that the King of Ashantee had sent messengers to the Governor of Elmina, thanking him for all favours, and saying that Governor MacCarthy was wrong in his palaver; and he advised that Cape Coast Castle should be enlarged, as he intended to drive the English into the sea: he also recommended that they should arm the fishes of the sea—for all would be of no avail against the army which he intended to bring against them.”

Poor Sir Charles put himself at the head of a force of cowardly Warsaws who would not fight, with a brave fellow called Cudjoe Cheboe, king of Dinkera, and such troops as his own government supplied; and, through the failure of ammunition, was defeated by the enemy. The escape of Captain Ricketts, wounded, from this disaster, affords a horrid picture of the state of the country. He is wandering through the woods with a party of about fifty Warsaws, and he tells us:—

“About one o'clock there was an alarm of the enemy having discovered them; but it turned out to be only two stragglers of the Ashantees, who, perceiving a light, were induced to approach, thinking they might be some of their own people. They were immediately seized, and they insisted for a long time that they were Dinkeras; but a few of that tribe happening to be with the Warsaws, they without hesitation pronounced them to be Ashantees—on which every knife was drawn; and after getting from these two unfortunate persons all the information they could give, they immediately cut their throats. They then sounded their horns, and proceeded by another direction to the river Pra. About six o'clock they fell in with a party of the enemy, and a kind of running fight ensued, and many of them were killed. The Warsaws recovered several of their wives, and many of their children were found in the woods, some of the young infants in a dying state, and others with their brains dashed out; the Ashantees having obliged the women to throw away their children, in order to enable them to carry their plunder. At last the whole party arrived at a deserted village on the banks of the Pra.”

The fate of MacCarthy was more deplorable.

“It appeared by Mr. Williams's statement, that he left the field of action in company with Sir Charles MacCarthy, Mr. Buckle, and Ensign Wetherell; and after proceeding a short distance along the track to Assamacow, they were suddenly attacked by a part of the enemy, who fired, and broke one of Sir Charles's arms; and that he immediately after received another wound in the chest, and fell. They then removed him under a tree, where all remained awaiting their fate, which they perceived to be inevitable. Immediately after, Mr. Williams received a ball in his thigh, which rendered him senseless; previous, however, to his falling, he saw Ensign Wetherell, who appeared also to have been wounded, lying close to Sir Charles, cutting with his sword at the enemy, as they were tearing the clothes off his friend and patron. Mr. Wil-

liams, upon recovering his senses, perceived that some Ashantees were attempting to cut off his head, and had already inflicted one gash on the back of his neck; luckily, however, at this crisis an Ashantee of authority came up, and recognising Mr. Williams, from whom he had received some kindness in the African company's time, withheld the hand of the savage: on Mr. Williams recovering his senses, he saw the headless trunks of Sir Charles MacCarthy, Mr. Buckle, and Ensign Wetherell. He was then taken prisoner and marched to Assamacow, where the Ashantee army was encamped. During his captivity he was lodged under a thatched shed in the day-time, and locked up at night in the same room with the heads of Sir Charles, Mr. Buckle, and Ensign Wetherell, which, owing to some peculiar process, were in a perfect state of preservation. Sir Charles MacCarthy's presented nearly the same appearance as when he was alive. Mr. Williams was only allowed for his daily food, during his cruel confinement, as much snail-soup in the morning and evening as could be contained in the palm of his hand. Whenever they beheaded any of their prisoners, they obliged Mr. Williams to sit on one side of the large war-drum, while they decapitated the unfortunate captive on the other. It was said that Mr. Jones, a merchant and captain of the militia, fell into their hands alive; and because he had received five wounds, he was sacrificed to the fetish. It seems that every person, whether Ashantee or prisoner, who may be so unlucky as to receive that number of wounds in one action, is considered as belonging to the fetish. It was also reported that Mr. Raydon, captain in the Cape Coast militia, was taken prisoner; that he was deprived of his clothes; and because he could not keep pace with them, they put him to death. It was the intention of the Ashantees to have sent Mr. Williams to Coomassie; but he not being able to walk that distance, the ball still remaining in his thigh, they endeavoured to extract it by tying the thigh tight with strings, both above and below the part where it was lodged, so as to force it out. Mr. Williams declared that the pain was most excruciating; but not succeeding, he had reason to be apprehensive that they intended to put him to death, when the welcome intelligence of their intention to send him to Elmina was made known to him, after a captivity of two months.”

A Fantee prisoner added, “that the heart of Sir Charles MacCarthy was eaten by the principal chiefs of the Ashantee army, that they might imbibe his bravery; that his flesh had been dried, and with his bones divided among every man of consequence in the army, who constantly carried his respective proportion about with him, as a charm to inspire him with courage.”

It is dreadful to be informed, that these barbarians were enabled to wage the war and commit these monstrous acts in consequence of being supplied with gunpowder from an American vessel, and from the Dutch factory

at Elmina. In 1826, however, in another attempt against the coast, the Ashantees were signally defeated.

"Sir Neil Campbell arrived at Sierra Leone on the 22d of August, and sailed again in the *Lively*, early in September, for the Gold Coast. The *Lively* arrived in Cape Coast roads on the 19th of September, when his excellency learnt that an action with the Ashantees had taken place. The spot where the battle was fought is a plain, with small clumps of trees and underwood at intervals, about twenty-four miles north-east of British Accra, and nearly four miles south from a village called Dodowah, by which the natives distinguish the action. The King of Ashantee had pitched his tent there that morning. It was expected by every person who was acquainted with the Ashantee customs, that they would attack our lines on Monday, that being their prosperous day; accordingly some scouts brought intelligence about eight o'clock in the morning, that the enemy were in motion, and the king's drum was distinctly heard beating the war-march. Our line was in consequence formed with all possible expedition, extending about four miles east and west, which made a very picturesque appearance, from the various dresses and numerous flags, British, Danish, and Dutch, which waved in the air. Our men were decorated with large sea-shells suspended from their necks and shoulders before and behind, or were decked with a stripe of white calico to distinguish them from the enemy. Many of them fought with the cloth hanging from the barrels of their muskets, which added to the novelty and singularity of the scene. A dispute had taken place for several days previously among the kings of Akimboo and Dinkera and the queen of Akim, who should attack the king of Ashantee hand to hand: it was at last agreed, that the former should take up a position on our extreme right, and the two latter on our extreme left; but they were perhaps fortunately disappointed in this arrangement, as it was afterwards known that the King of Ashantee had received intelligence that there were white men in the camp and in the centre; he therefore selected that position to gain more honour. The officers and gentlemen in the battle were Lieut.-Col. Purdon, commanding the whole; Captains Hingston and Rogers; and Lieutenant Calder of the royal African corps; Dr. Young of the staff; Mr. Henry Richter, merchant, of Danish Accra, with his own men, amounting to about one hundred and twenty; Mr. J. W. Harrison, merchant, of British Accra, with his men, in number nearly the same; Mr. John Jackson, merchant, of Cape Coast, with Mr. Bannerman's men, about the same number.—Mr. Bannerman being absent in England in bad health; and Mr. Hutchinson, merchant, of Annamaboe, with the Cape Coast artificers, volunteers; part of the townspeople; and Bynie, the native chief, whose people, with the others, amounted to one hundred and fifty men. These formed the centre, and were drawn up in line with the royal African corps, as a reserve on the position previously taken by Captain Hingston. The attack commenced from right to left, at about half-past nine o'clock. Several of the natives came insulting and abusing the centre as cowards; which being represented to the commanding officer, he directed them to advance about four hundred yards, when a heavy and effective fire took place. They went steadily forward amid the work of death, the enemy slowly and sulkily giving way. No prisoners were taken by the natives, but as they fell

they were put to death. Happy were they whose sufferings were short; in vain the gentlemen implored them to hold their hand, or at least to kill them outright; some were ripped up and cut across the belly, when, plunging their hands in, they took out the heart, pouring the blood on the ground as a libation to the good fortune of the cause; others, when they saw their own friends weltering in their blood, would give them a blow on the breast or head, to put an end to their misery. In many instances they dragged each other from the opposite ranks, and wrestled and cut one another in pieces; and fortunate was he whose knife first found out the vital part in his foe during the deadly grapple, though perhaps in his turn to be laid low by the same means. So hard were the enemy pressed at this moment, that a captain of consequence blew himself up, nearly involving some of the Europeans in destruction. The number of the various articles taken from the enemy was very great; but as none were allowed to leave the field, and as they had no spare hands, like the people of the native chiefs, they were thrown aside, when a cry arose that the Ashantees were getting between the centre and the left, which was the fact, as one party from the Dutch town, who supported the right of the Cape Coast people, had given way, and the enemy had rushed into their place. Besides this, the whole of the Danish natives, with their caboccers at their head, had fled early in the action, and the swallow-tailed banners of Denmark were seen safely flying in the rear. The centre were now obliged to fall back and relinquish every advantage, sustaining a galling fire in flank, and closely pressed with the mass of the enemy, who evidently were making a bold push to seize or bring down the whites. Capt. Rogers, who was advancing with a small piece of artillery, would have been taken, had he not very promptly distinguished them as the enemy. This was the crisis of the battle; Colonel Purdon advanced with the reserve and the rockets, a few of which thrown among the Ashantees occasioned the most dreadful havoc and confusion: the hissing sound when thrown, the train of fire, the explosion and frightful wounds they inflicted, caused them to suppose that they were thunder and lightning, called *snowmen* in Fantee, by which name they are now known among the natives. Another party of Ashantees having attacked the left of King Cheboe of Dinkera, the Winnebabs fled at the first fire, nor halted till they reached Accra; but a few rounds of grape-shot, thrown over the heads of our people, restored the battle there also, Cheboe being already in advance with part of his people driving back his opponents. On the right, the battle was not for a moment doubtful; the King of Akimboo drove all before him, and penetrating to the King of Ashantee's camp, took them in flank; his path was marked by the column of smoke that rose in front, the short grass being dry, from our forces having bivouacked at the roots of the trees for two nights, together with extreme heat, caused it to take fire. The explosions of some Ashantee captains, who at intervals blew themselves up in despair, which was known by the smoke that arose over the trees, the shouts and groans of the combatants, with the burning grass, and the battle raging all around, formed no bad idea of the infernal regions. Fancy may indeed imagine, but it cannot describe such a scene of havoc and destruction, more resembling the wild fiction of an oriental tale, than one of absolute reality. The Danish natives, who had fled at nearly the first onset,

now perceiving the enemy to be repulsed by the rockets and grape-shot, advanced, and taking possession of the plunder, which was immense, deliberately walked off the field; they sent to request more ammunition, saying they had only received twenty rounds each from their own government; and when upbraided with their bad conduct, they said it was against their fetish to fire on a Monday. About one o'clock, the heads of the Ashantee chiefs began to be brought in. Several of the blood royal and principal captains were known by the residents; when the deaths of any of them were reported to the king, he offered up human sacrifices to their manes in the heat of the battle. Among the sad trophies of the day was supposed to be the head of Sir Charles MacCarthy, which was sent to England by Lieut.-Col. Purdon—it was taken by the Aquapim chief. The king carried it along with him as a powerful charm, and on the morning of the battle he poured rum upon it, and invoked it to cause all the heads of the whites on the field to lie beside it. The skull was enveloped in paper covered with Arabic characters, and a silk handkerchief; over all was a tiger-skin, the emblem of royalty. The whole of the Ashantee camp was taken, together with their baggage and gold; the amount of the latter was said to be very considerable, but the whites never could ascertain what the natives obtained. Towards the end of the day, a great many slaves or prisoners were taken by the natives, who subsequently sold them to slave-vessels to leeward of Accra, being satiated with the multitudes they had killed in the early part of the fight; and until it was dark, parties were coming in with plunder from every quarter. The troops lay on their arms all night, as it was not known but that the king, with his surviving friends, might make an attack upon us in despair, having been seen in front, wandering over the scene of his blighted ambition. Through the night, at intervals, some of our native allied chiefs struck their drums to some recitations, which were repeated along the line, and, as they died away, had a most pleasing effect, but were generally succeeded by deep wailings and lamentations from the glades in front of our position, apparently from some unhappy Ashantee women looking for their friends among the fallen. The loss of chiefs on our part was but small: Mr. Richter was wounded in the thigh early in the action, and obliged to leave the field, but his men did not follow the flying portion of their countrymen. Narboah, the captain-general of the Akimboos, the chief captain of the Queen of Akim, and Quashie Amonquah, chief of Esseeconah, were the only persons of rank that we lost. The latter was regretted by every one, as several of the natives were always accusing him of treachery, and he was determined to shew in the day of battle his sincerity; he therefore made a bold attempt to seize the king's person, and to take him dead or alive, and even had his hand on the royal basket to pull him down, when he was shot in the neck and secured. The king upbraided him for his treachery, and ordered him to follow, which he refused; order was then given to decapitate him; a party of Cheboos attacked the king, but Amonquah was already killed, and his head, if they have preserved it, is the only trophy which they can exhibit. His brother Abaggy was wounded in the thigh, or, as he says, 'he would have made the king pay dear for his brother's head,' which none doubted. The number of our forces, from the best information, amounted to eleven thousand,

three hundred and eighty with muskets; that of the enemy was estimated at ten thousand; and much of the fighting was with the knife. We calculated our loss at about eight hundred killed, and one thousand slightly wounded. The enemy, it is supposed, must have lost full five thousand men: a great many of their chief men were killed.

"The Queen of Akim, who evinced much activity in the war, is about five feet three inches in height, with an infantine look; her voice is soft, evidently modulated to interest her audience, but cracked, as a singer would express it, from constant use. She is an excellent beggar for munitions of war and distilled waters. Just before the attack she went along the line with a massive necklace of leaden bullets, and in her hand a gold enamelled cutlass, and she was afterwards in the hottest part of the action. To some of the gentlemen who called on her the day before, she said, among other things, 'Osai has driven me from my country because he thought me weak; but though I am a woman, I have the heart of a man.'

This decisive battle led to a treaty, which was finally concluded in April last, when the humbled King of Ashantee paid several hundred ounces of gold as a pledge for his future good conduct, and also sent hostages to Cape Coast Castle.

Having finished the war, our author gives us a succinct view of the present state of the colony of Sierra Leone, of which the leading particulars shall appear in our next *Gazette*.

*The Principles of English Composition; illustrated by Examples, with Critical Remarks.* By David Booth, author of the "Analytical Dictionary." 12mo. pp. 351. London, 1831. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

To blend pleasure with instruction is a most desirable object—an object seldom attained to so great a degree as it is in the little work before us. Grammar is a dry study, and composition one which demands much attention; yet Mr. Booth, while displaying a sound and rational knowledge of both subjects, and placing them clearly within the comprehension of his readers, has contrived, by means of well-selected examples and illustrations, to make his volume a very attractive literary miscellany, which may be perused with gratification, and remembered with advantage. Several of the chapters are reprinted from his excellent *Analytical Dictionary*; the rest is new—and every portion is deserving of high commendation.

Of the early and initiatory pages, we need say nothing farther than that they explain, in an able manner, the chief rules of syntax, construction, accent, emphasis, grammar, arrangement, metaphors, figures of speech and thought, and indeed all the branches into which language must be resolved, together with some of the phenomena of mind, which must be understood in order to constitute, not merely an accomplished, but an intelligible writer.

He then glances over the various kinds of poetry, and discusses them in a brief but masterly manner; but, again, we are at a loss to exhibit any specimen of the talent thus displayed; and we are, as it were, compelled rather to diversify our columns with one or two quotations of his quotations, than to shew the value of his original remarks and criticisms.

Treating of lyric poetry, he says: "Simple thoughts chanted to simple melodies are, no doubt, indigenous in every age and country;

and we may cite, in evidence, that what modern musicians understand by harmony was unknown to the Greeks, as it yet is to the Chinese. Song, as distinguished from duets and glees, is the effusion of an individual. The music must be adapted to a single voice; and if other tones are introduced, they must be completely subservient; otherwise 'the auditor is tempted to say as the Chinese did, (when 'God save the King' was played in parts), that the air might be very good, if the accompaniments would let it be heard.'"

Again, on pastoral poetry:—"The truth is, that the poet lives in a region of his own creation. He takes his fictions for realities, and his imaginations for truths. The train of his thoughts are the illusions of his fancy; but they are powerful illusions, which lead his auditors spell-bound through enchanted ground, forgetful, for the moment, of that world to which they must return. The true poet, like the Pythian priestess, is in a state of frenzy while under the inspiration of the god; and it is only in the shortness of the fits of his delirium that he differs from the insane. Whatever may have been the previous stores of his mind, the reverie of the maniac is too long continued to be coherent; and his lucid intervals are too few to enable him to mould his tale and correct its incongruities; in consequence of which his flights of fancy are lost to the world. The following stanzas, 'written at the York Retreat, by a young woman, who, when composing them, was labouring under a very considerable degree of active mania,' are strikingly illustrative of what we have here advanced:—

'To Melancholy.

Spirit of darkness! from yon lonely shade

Where fade the virgin roses of the spring,

Spirit of darkness! hear thy favourite maid

To sorrow's harp her wildest anthem sing.

Ah! how has love despoil'd my earliest bloom,

And flung my charms as it to the wintry wind!

Ah! how has love hung o'er my trophied tomb

The spoils of genius and the wreck of mind!

High rides the moon the silent heavens along;

Thick fall the dews of midnight o'er the ground;

Soft steals the lover, when the morning song

Of waken'd warblers through the woods resound;

Then I with thee my solemn vigils keep,

And at thine altar take my lonely stand;

Again my lyre unstung I sadly sweep,

While Love leads up the dance with harp in hand.

High o'er the woodlands Hope's gay meteors shone,

And thronging thousands bled the ardent ray;

I turn'd,—but found Despair on his wild roam,

And with the demon bent my hither way.

Soft o'er the vale she blew her bugle horn—

"Oh! where, Maria,—whither dost thou stray?"

Return, thou false maid, to the echoing sound!

I flew, nor heeded the sweet siren's lay.

Hail, Melancholy! to yon lonely towers

I turn, and hail their time-worn turrets mine;

Where flourish fair the nightshade's deadly flowers,

And dark and blue the wasting tapers shine.

There, O my Edwin! does thy spirit greet,

In Fancy's maze, thy loved and wandering maid;

Soft through the bowery thicket Maria meets,

And leads thee onward through the myrtle glade.

Oh! come with me, and hear the song of eve,

Far, sweeter far, than the low shout of morn;

List to the pantings of the whispering breeze—

Dwell on past woes, or sorrows yet unborn.

We have a tale and song will charm these shades,

Which cannot rouse to life Maria's mind,

Where Sorrow's captives hail thy once-loved maid,

To joy a stranger, and to grief resign'd.

Edwin, farewell! go, take my last adieu:

Ah! could my bursting bosom tell thee more!

Here, parted here, from love, from life, and you,

I pour my song as on a foreign shore.

—But stay, rash youth! the sun has climbed on high,

The night is past, the shadows all are gone;

For lo! Maria breathe the parting sigh,

And waft thy sorrows to the gales of morn."

The inaccuracy of some of the rhymes of the preceding poem might easily be amended; but, what is more to our present purpose, the con-

fusion of ideas is apparent. Nevertheless, a poetical enthusiasm breathes through every stanza, which probably was never felt by this unfortunate lady in her better days. Wilderness of manner, however, is not inconsistent with the occasional flights of the soundest intellect."

And last of all, we think the following may possess novelty for ninety-nine out of a hundred readers.

*The Empire of Poetry, by Fontenelle.*—"This empire is a very large and populous country. It is divided, like some of the countries on the continent, into the higher and lower regions. The upper region is inhabited by grave, melancholy, and sullen people, who, like other mountaineers, speak a language very different from that of the inhabitants of the valleys. The trees in this part of the country are very tall, having their tops among the clouds. Their horses are superior to those of Barbary, being fleetest than the winds. Their women are so beautiful as to eclipse the star of day. The great city which you see in the maps, beyond the lofty mountains, is the capital of this province, and is called Epic. It is built on a sandy and ungrateful soil, which few take the trouble to cultivate. The length of the city is many days' journey, and it is otherwise of a tiresome extent. On leaving its gate we always meet with men who are killing one another; whereas, when we pass through Romance, which forms the suburbs of Epic, and which is larger than the city itself, we meet with groups of happy people who are hastening to the shrine of Hymen. The Mountains of Tragedy are also in the province of Upper Poetry. They are very steep, with dangerous precipices; and, in consequence, many of its people build their habitations at the bottom of the hills, and imagine themselves high enough. There have been found on these mountains some very beautiful ruins of ancient cities, and, from time to time, the materials are carried lower down to build new cities; for they now never build nearly so high as they seem to have done in former times. The Lower Poetry is very similar to the swamps of Holland. Burlesque is the capital, which is situated amidst stagnant pools. Princes speak there as if they had sprung from the dunghill, and all the inhabitants are buffoons from their birth. Comedy is a city which is built on a pleasant spot; but it is too near to Burlesque, and its trade with this place has much degraded the manners of its citizens. I beg that you will notice in the map those vast solitudes which lie between High and Low Poetry. They are called the Deserts of Common Sense. There is not a single city in the whole of this extensive country, and only a few cottages scattered at a distance from one another. The interior of the country is beautiful and fertile; but you need not wonder that there are so few who choose to reside in it, for the entrance is very rugged on all sides, the roads are narrow and difficult, and there are seldom any guides to be found who are capable of conducting strangers. Besides, this country borders on a province where every person prefers to remain, because it appears to be very agreeable, and saves the trouble of penetrating into the Deserts of Common Sense. It is the province of False Thoughts. Here we always tread on flowers,—every thing seems enchanting. But its greatest inconvenience is, that the ground is not solid,—the foot is always sinking in the mire, however careful one may be. Elegy is the capital. Here the people do nothing but complain; but it is said that they find a pleasure in their com-



plaints. The city is surrounded with woods and rocks, where the inhabitant walks alone, making them the confidants of his secrets,—of the discovery of which he is so much afraid, that he often conjures those woods and rocks never to betray them. The Empire of Poetry is watered by two rivers. One is the river Rhyme, which has its source at the foot of the Mountains of Reverie. The tops of some of these mountains are so elevated that they pierce the clouds: those are called the Points of Sublime Thought. Many climb there by extraordinary efforts; but almost the whole tumble down again, and excite, by their fall, the ridicule of those who admired them at first without knowing why. There are large platforms almost at the bottom of these mountains, which are called the Terraces of Low Thoughts. There are always a great number of people walking upon them. At the end of these terraces are the Caverns of Deep Reverie. Those who descend into them do so insensibly, being so much enraptured in their meditations that they enter the caverns before they are aware. These caverns are perfect labyrinths, and the difficulty of getting out again could scarcely be believed by those who have not been there. Above the terraces we sometimes meet with men walking in easy paths, which are termed the Paths of Natural Thoughts; and these gentlemen ridicule, equally, those who try to scale the Points of Sublime Thoughts, as well as those who grovel on the terraces below. They would be in the right if they could keep undeviatingly in the Paths of Natural Thoughts; but they fall almost instantly into a snare, by entering into a splendid palace which is at a very little distance,—it is the Palace of Badinage. Scarcely have they entered, when, in place of the natural thoughts which they formerly had, they dwell upon such only as are mean and vulgar. Those, however, who never abandon the Paths of natural thoughts are the most rational of all. They aspire no higher than they ought, and their thoughts are never at variance with sound judgment. Besides the River Rhyme, which I have described as issuing from the foot of the mountains, there is another, called the River of Reason. These two rivers are at a great distance from one another; and as they have a very different course, they could not be made to communicate except by canals, which would cost a great deal of labour. For these canals of communication could not be formed at all places, because there is only one part of the River Rhyme which is in the neighbourhood of the River Reason; and hence many cities situated on the Rhyme, such as Roundelay and Ballad, could have no commerce with the Reason, whatever pains might be taken for that purpose. Further, it would be necessary that these canals should cross the Deserts of Common Sense, as you will see by the map; and that is almost an unknown country. The Rhyme is a large river, whose course is crooked and unequal, and, on account of its numerous falls, it is extremely difficult to navigate. On the contrary, the Reason is very straight and regular, but it does not carry vessels of every burthen. There is in the Land of Poetry a very obscure forest, where the rays of the sun never enter. It is the forest of Bombast. The trees are close, spreading and twined into each other. The forest is so ancient that it has become a sort of sacrilege to prune its trees, and there is no probability that the ground will ever be cleared. A few steps into this forest and we lose our road, without dreaming that we have gone astray. It is full of imper-

ceptible labyrinths, from which no one ever returns. The Reason is lost in this forest. The extensive province of Imitation is very sterile,—it produces nothing. The inhabitants are extremely poor, and are obliged to glean in the richer fields of the neighbouring provinces; and some even make fortunes by this beggarly occupation. The Empire of Poetry is very cold towards the north; and, consequently, this quarter is the most populous. There are the cities of Anagram and Acrostic, with several others of a similar description. Finally, in that sea which bounds the States of Poetry, there is the Island of Satire, surrounded with bitter waves. The salt from the water is very strong and dark coloured. The greater part of the brooks of this island resemble the Nile in this, that their sources are unknown; but it is particularly remarkable that there is not one of them whose waters are fresh. A part of the same sea is called the Archipelago of Trifles: the French term it *L'Archipel des Bagatelles*; and their voyagers are well acquainted with those islands. Nature seems to have thrown them up in sport, as she did those of the *Ægean Sea*. The principal islands are the *Madrigal*, the *Song*, and the *Impromptu*. No lands can be lighter than those islands, for they float upon the waters."

Again we warmly recommend this volume to the English student, and indeed to every class of readers.

*Introductory Lectures on Political Economy.*  
By Richard Whately, D.D., &c. &c. 8vo.  
pp. 238. London, 1831. B. Fellowes.

WE recollect the surprise that was excited when Dr. Whately was appointed to the chair of political economy. "He is eminent," said every body, "perhaps pre-eminent, in logic, rhetoric, and theology; but what does he know of the balance of trade, or the expansiveness of paper currency? Oriel College is a very good place to study syllogisms, metaphors, and texts; but who ever saw there a bill of exchange, or an invoice? The learned Principal has, without doubt, read many catechisms; but was the 'Catechism of the Corn-laws' among them? We do not question his knowledge of Aristotle; but can he pass an examination in Ricardo?"

To these and similar questions, the volume at the head of this article is a satisfactory answer. Not that it contains a great deal on political economy that is new or that is recondite; but it certainly does imply a perfect acquaintance with that science, so far as it is now understood. At the same time, the whole work is full of proofs that other and very different subjects have been the principal objects of the author's attention. The moral associations of a divine, and the intellectual habits of a logician, shew themselves throughout; and it is curious to contrast political economy in the hands of an author so qualified, with her form when dressed by piety without logic, or by logic without the appearance of any deep-seated feelings. Mr. Ricardo's great work is eminently argumentative—the reader always feels that he is within the province of reason; but it is mere reason. Society, under his hands, seems an oak stripped of its leaves; the ramifications are distinctly apparent, but the bloom and the verdure are wanting. His pictures seem to have been all painted in January, when, melancholy, they resemble

"The bleak wintry scene,  
Sad, though unclouded—dismal, though serene."  
When more cheerful—

"Then gaily shines the wealthy land,  
But all is glistering show,  
Like the idle gleam that December's beam  
Can dart on ice and snow."

Dr. Whately has, besides his own fervour, all the acute reasoning of Ricardo; and he has, moreover, a fertility of illustration and a force of exposure, a power to clothe a truth and to strip naked a fallacy, equalled by scarcely any writer whatever. The following passages, taken almost at random, will illustrate many of our remarks.

"Men are so formed as (often unconsciously) to reason, whether well or ill, on the phenomena they observe, and to mix up their inferences with their statements of those phenomena, so as, in fact, to theorise (however scantily and crudely) without knowing it. If you will be at the pains carefully to analyse the simplest descriptions you hear of any transaction or state of things, you will find that the process which almost invariably takes place is, in logical language, this; that each individual has in his mind certain major premises or principles, relative to the subject in question; that observation of what actually presents itself to the senses supplies minor premises; and that the statement given (and which is reported as a thing experienced) consists in fact of the conclusions drawn from the combinations of those premises. Hence it is that several different men, who have all had equal, or even the very same, experience, i. e. have been witnesses or agents in the same transactions, will often be found to resemble so many different men looking at the same book; one, perhaps, though he distinctly sees black marks on white paper, has never learned his letters; another can read, but is a stranger to the language in which the book is written; another has an acquaintance with the language, but understands it imperfectly; another is familiar with the language, but is a stranger to the subject of the book, and wants power, or previous instruction, to enable him fully to take in the author's drift; while another again perfectly comprehends the whole. The object that strikes the eye is to all of these persons the same; the difference of the impressions produced on the mind of each is referable to the differences in their minds. And this explains the fact, that we find so much discrepancy in the results of what are called experience and common sense, as contra-distinguished from theory. In former times men knew by experience, that the earth stands still, and the sun rises and sets. Common sense taught them that there could be no antipodes, since men could not stand with their heads downwards, like flies on the ceiling. Experience taught the King of Bantum that water could not become solid. And (to come to the consideration of human affairs) the experience and common-sense of one of the most observant and intelligent of historians, Tacitus, convinced him, that for a mixed government to be so framed as to combine the elements of royalty, aristocracy, and democracy, must be next to impossible, and that if such a one could be framed, it must inevitably be very speedily dissolved."

"Sed quid equat? aut quem?"  
In points wherein all men agree, they may possibly be all in the right; but where they are utterly at variance, some at least must be mistaken. The illustrations, however, which I have given from other subjects are extremely inadequate; for I know of none in which so much theory, and that most paradoxical theory, has been incorporated with experience, and passed off as a part of it, as in matters concerning political economy. There is no other



in which the most subtle refinements of a system (to waive, for the present, the question as to its soundness) have been, not merely admitted, but admitted as the dictates of common sense. Many such paradoxes as I allude to (whether true or false, we will not now consider), you may meet with in a variety of authors of the present, but much more of the last and preceding centuries; and may not unfrequently hear in conversation. That a state of war is favourable to national prosperity—that it is advantageous to a nation to export goods of more value than it receives in return—that we are losers by purchasing articles where we can get them cheapest—that it is wise for a people to pay, on behalf of a foreign consumer, part of the price for which he purchases their commodities—that it is better to obtain the same results by much labour than by little—that a man is a benefactor to the community by building himself a splendid palace—and many other doctrines that are afloat, may be truths, but they are at least paradoxical truths; they may be abstruse and recondite wisdom—at any rate, they are abstruse and recondite—they may be sense, but at least they are not common sense."

We have room for only another extract, in which perhaps more is meant than meets the eye.

"It will be sufficient for our present purpose to have merely pointed out to you the considerations which deserve your attention, and to have slightly hinted at the circumstances which may occasion one community to avail itself better, and another worse, of the advantages which wealth and civilisation afford, with a view to moral improvement. It is plain, that if of two communities equal in wealth, the one were to make the wisest, the other the most unwise, use of this advantage, their moral conditions would be immensely different; though it would be not the less true, that a real advantage had been placed within the reach of both. Let it be supposed, for instance, that in the one the higher classes were anxiously occupied in diffusing the blessings of education among the people, and had provided adequately for the instruction both of children and adults; taking care that the most essential points of education should occupy the foremost place, and the next to them the next; and exercising the judgment of a cultivated understanding as to the relative importance of each, and as to the best modes of conveying instruction in each—let us suppose their wealth to be employed in making an adequate provision for a sufficient number of respectable religious teachers, and of places of worship, to meet fully the wants of their population—let the schools, again, for the education of the children of their own class, be conducted on a similar principle; making sound religious instruction, and the cultivation of sincere and practical religious habits, the primary object of attention, and placing every other branch of education in its proper order; taking especial care not to let showy accomplishments become a readier path to distinction than substantial cultivation of the understanding; and guarding most sedulously against that besetting danger, the introduction into their schools of a wrong code of morality—a false point of honour, distinct from, or at variance with, Christian principle—let their universities, again, and other institutions for ulterior education, be so regulated as to exhibit in the disposition of their endowments the full efficiency of well-directed wealth in carrying on a plan of manly instruction, of which the foundations should have been laid in earlier years;

not sending forth into the world, to assume the office of legislators and directors of public affairs, such as shall have completed their education without having even begun the study of the subjects with which they are to be conversant, except so far as they may have taken upon trust some long-venered prejudices; but men qualified for the high profession they are to follow, by a preparation analogous to what is required even of the humblest artisan—let these objects, and such as these, occupy the attention, and employ the resources, of an enlightened and opulent community—let them be, I do not say perfectly attained (since perfection is not to be expected of man,) but at least sedulously aimed at, proposed as objects—thought of—(and this surely is no impossibility);—and let the other community, perversely or negligently, pursue, in all or in many of these points, an opposite course; and it is easy to pronounce which of the two is employing its wealth with the better prospect of success, in attaining superior objects;—which is likely to improve, and which to stand still or to fall back, in respect of true national greatness;—which is the more advanced, and has the fairer prospect of advancing, towards a higher and better kind of civilisation than any nation has hitherto exhibited. And yet each party shall have received perhaps the very same number of talents, though the one promises fair to double them, and the other is in danger of having them taken away."

#### THE GARRICK CORRESPONDENCE.

[Concluding Notice.]

WE hinted that we might probably, out of compliment to the bigness of this book, bestow upon it another notice; and the dearth of novelties induces us to do so, ere we lay it on the shelf to rest. A rather lively letter from Dr. J. Brown, dated Newcastle, Oct. 27th, 1766, besides other matter, gives us intimation that Garrick's contemporary correspondents entertained some idea of the future publication of their letters, from the habits and character of that gentleman.

"My dear sir,—Visits and engagements have prevented me from sooner answering yours. I am glad to hear of your recovery from your illness, and hope you will have no occasion for your epitaph these fifty years, except to give your friends the pleasure of reading it, which I desire you will do the next time you write to me. I think you were a little quick two or three times in your last letter, which I do not much dislike in a friend, by the by, especially when there is not much reason for it, as I look upon it as a proof of his regard—at least it is so with me. I have now and then a little anger in reserve for my friends; I have always contempt in abundance for my enemies, whether they be mock patriots at Stowe, or ballad-makers in Grub Street. I had seen the ballad long before in a newspaper, and looked upon it as one of those many honours of late conferred on me by the scribblers of the times. On some future occasion, I will write to you more particularly about the affair of Stowe, and will desire you to lay by the letter, to be put into a collection which will hereafter appear in print. \* \* \* I have seen some extracts from Johnson's preface to his *Shakespeare*. In my humble opinion, he is as improper a critic for that great poet as any that have yet appeared. No feeling nor pathos about him! Altogether upon the high horse, and blustering about imperial tragedy! How is this work relished by the public?"

We find several other of Garrick's correspondents expressing similar opinions upon Johnson's work.

There is a long dispute between him and the elder Colman, respecting their relative shares in the *Clandestine Marriage*. In one of his letters, the latter says—

"I understood it was to be a joint work, in the fullest sense of the word; and never imagined that either of us was to lay his finger on a particular scene, and cry, 'This is mine!' It is true, indeed, that by your suggestion, Hogarth's proud lord was converted into Lord Ogleby, and that, as the play now stands, the levee scene at the beginning of the second act, and the whole of the fifth act, are yours; but in the conduct as well as dialogue of the fourth act, I think your favourite, Lord Ogleby, has some obligations to me. However, if that be the part of the play which you are desirous to rest your fame upon, I would not have differed with you about the glory of it; but cannot help being hurt at your betraying so earnest a desire to winnow your wheat from my chaff, at the very time that I was eager to bestow the highest polish on every part of the work, only in the hopes of perpetuating the memory of our joint labours, by raising a monument of the friendship between me and Mr. Garrick."

There may be some interest in preserving the literary history of a sterling joint comedy; but what, at the distance of more than half a century, could render it advisable to publish such rubbish as the following?—it is from Colman at Paris:—

"I have not been well since I left you, and yesterday se'n'ight had so serious an attack of a very bad sort of fever, that Dr. Genn's melancholy face looked ten times more melancholy than usual. The fever is off; but the devil has got into my bowels, as well as poor Thomas's, and makes a little hell of my inside. Add to all this, I have had another boil, which, falling on my thigh, was inflamed by my breeches, and has brought me under the hands of a surgeon. Such is the present state of your friend."

In a subsequent letter we have two facts stated, which we quote; the first, as shewing the Gallic propensity to pillage and disguise English works of art; the other, as mentioning a publication, a copy of which we should like to possess.

"There hang out here in every street pirated prints from Reynolds's picture of you, which are underwritten *L'homme entre le Vice et la Vertu*." (Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy!)

"Do you know any thing of the quarrel between David Hume and Rousseau? It makes a great noise here. Baron d'Holbach has had three letters from Hume about it, who, it seems, is to publish a pamphlet containing the whole story. Suard seems vastly hurt at Smollett's letters, and I suppose will give a suitable account of them in the *Gazette Littéraire*."

We have observed that a too considerable portion of these letters is occupied with angry theatrical squabbles, which are now of no consequence, except it may be to shew that the stage and its professors are always the same, torn by rivalry, jangling, and intrigue. Some of the most characteristic epistles are from Gainsborough the painter; and it is a striking proof of the manners of the age to see that not

\* That this may not be thought singular in its elegance, we quote the beginning of a letter from Garrick himself to his brother. "In the first place, I am grown as fat as a hog; and you may measure with me at my return without tucking in your gills till your face is as red as bull-beef."

only this rough artist, but Dr. Hoadly,\* as well as Colman and Garrick, (whose style we have already exhibited), and others, were guilty of the most gross and vulgar language, only to express not less gross and vulgar ideas. We cite Gainborough:—

" Bath, July 27, 1768.

" Dear sir,—I, as well as the rest of the world, acknowledge your riches, and know your princely spirit; but all will not do; for, as I told you before, I am already overpaid for that shabby performance; and if you have a mind to make me happier than all the presents London can afford, you must do it by never thinking yourself at all in my debt. I wished many years for the happiness of Mr. Garrick's acquaintance, and pray, dear sir, let me now enjoy it quietly; for, sincerely and truly, I shall not be easy if you give way to any of your romantic whimsies: besides, d—n it, I thought you knew me too well, you who can read hearts and faces both at a view, and that at first sight too. Come, if you will not plague me any more upon this frightful subject, I will tell you a story about *first sight*. You must know, sir, whilst I lived at Ipswich, there was a benefit concert in which a new song was to be introduced; and I being steward, went to the honest cabinet-maker, who was our singer instead of a better, and asked him if he could sing at sight, for that I had a new song with all the parts wrote out. 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'I can.' Upon which I ordered Mr. Giardini of Ipswich to begin the symphony, and gave my signal for the attention of the company; but behold, a dead silence followed the symphony instead of the song: upon which I jumped up to the fellow: 'D—n you, why don't you sing? did not you tell me you could sing at sight?' 'Yes, please your honour, I did say I could sing at sight, but not *first sight*.'"

" Bath, 22d August, 1768.

" Dear sir,—I doubt I stand accused (if not accused) all this time for my neglect of not going to Stratford, and giving you a line from thence as I promised; but, Lord! what can one do such weather as this—continual rains? My genius is so damped by it, that I can do nothing to please me. I have been several days rubbing in and rubbing out my design for Shakespeare, and d—n me if I think I shall let it go or let you see it at last. I was willing, like an ass as I am, to expose myself a little out of the simple portrait way, and had a notion of shewing where that imitable poet had his ideas from, by an immediate ray darting down upon his eye turned up for the purpose; but G—d d—n it, I can make nothing of my ideas, there has been such a fall of rain from the same quarter. You shall not see it, for I will cut it before you can come. Tell me, dear sir, when you purpose coming to Bath, that I may be quick enough in my motions. Shakespeare's bust is a silly smiling thing, and I have not sense enough to make him more sensible in the picture; and so I tell ye, you shall not see it. I must make a plain picture of him standing erect, and give it an old look, as if it had been painted at the time he lived; and there we shall fling 'em, dam' me. Poor Mrs. Pritchard died here on Saturday night at eleven o'clock; so now her performances being no longer present to those who must see and hear before they can believe, will, you know, my dear sir.—But I beg pardon, I forgot—Time puts all into his fob, as I

\* Refer to p. 525 for a very severe, but very coarse epigram, by this divine.

do my time-keeper—*watch* that, my dear. Who am I but the same, think you? T. G.

" 'Impudent scoundrel!' says Mr. G—k. 'Blackguard!'"

There is a good deal of curious portraiture in the following from Murphy, touching the Westminster election, 1769.

" Next Thursday, it is expected, will be a busy day. Large sums are actually insured upon Lutterell's life; but he is game, and will face the danger boldly. Tiger Roach (who used to bully at the Bedford Coffee-house, because his name was Roach) is set up by Wilkes's friends to burlesque Lutterell and his pretensions. I own I do not know a more ridiculous circumstance than to be a joint candidate with the Tiger. O'Brien used to take him off very pleasantly; and perhaps you may, from his representation, have some idea of this important wight. He used to sit at a table all alone, with a half-starved look, a black patch upon his cheek, pale with the idea of murder, or with rank cowardice, a quivering lip, and a downcast eye, which, if it was ever raised, was raised only like poor Dido's (I do not mean Reed's Dido, but Virgil's)—

'Quasivit celo lucem, ingenitque reperta.'

So far for the description of my hero. In that manner he used to sit alone; and his soliloquy, interrupted now and then with faint attempts to throw off a little saliva, was to the following effect: 'Hut! hut!—a mercer's prentice with a bag wig; d—n my s—l, if I would not skiver a dozen of them like larks! Hut! hut! I don't understand such airs!—I'd cudgel him back, breast, and belly, for three skips of a louse!—How do you do, Pat? Hut! hut! God's blood—Larry, I'm glad to see you—Prentices!—a fine thing indeed!—but! hut! How do you do, Dominick? D—n my s—l, what's here to do?' These were the meditations of this agreeable youth. From one of these reveries he started up one night, when I was there, called a Mr. Bagnell out of the room, and most heroically stabbed him in the dark, the other having no weapon to defend himself with. In this career the Tiger persisted, till at length a Mr. Lennard brandished a whip over his head, and stood in a menacing attitude, commanding him to ask pardon directly. The Tiger shrank from the danger, and with a faint voice pronounced, 'Hut! what signifies it between you and me?—well! well! I ask your pardon!' 'Speak louder, sir; I don't hear a word you say.' And indeed he was so very tall, that it seemed as if the sound sent feebly from below could not ascend to such a height. This is the hero who is to figure at Brentford. Some dreadful consequences, I fear, will happen there. I this moment see an advertisement in the papers, requesting votes for my friend the sergeant; being a person every way qualified to make the Bill of Rights perfectly easy, and let it sleep in its bed, as it has done ever since the revolution. I do not mean that these are the exact words of the advertisement. I have not seen him; but if he is in earnest, I most heartily join with you in wishing him success. Your letter to the reverend elector of Middlesex went by the post the very day I received it. Shall I tell you a piece of bad news? I was counsel last Saturday at the Old Bailey against a man who stood indicted for publishing a libel, in which it was most virulently said, that Lord M—d had long disgraced the public justice of this kingdom. The law and the fact were clear; and yet in three minutes a London jury came into court and most deliberately brought in a verdict, not guilty. Baron Smith, who tried the fellow, was amazed. 'Pray, gentle-

men, do you collect from the evidence that he did not publish the pamphlet?' 'My lord,' says the foreman, 'we have considered the whole, and that is our verdict.' Pleasant times these are! the brightest talents are no security against calumny and malice."

By way of variety, we conclude with a rhyming application for a loan.

" Mr. Bickerstaff to Mr. Garrick.

Still, dear sir, so much good-nature  
You have shewn to me your creature,  
That 'tis now a thing of course,  
And you are my first resource.

Fifty times, as I suppose,  
I have troubled you in prose;

Let me, if I can, a while  
Strive at least to change my style:

Change of style is all my aim,  
For my subject is the same:

And in prose or verse a craver,  
I must write to beg a favour.

'Well!' cry you with peevish brow,  
'What the plague's the matter now?

'Tis'd and worried at this rate:  
What's enclosed here—after date?

Promise in six months to pay  
Griffin—ay, this is his way:

Every now and then to send me:  
To these Irishmen commend me!

But if in again I'm drawn,  
Next he'll send his brogues to pawn,

And expect me at his need:  
Fifty pounds!—not I indeed.

Hark'e, George, come hither quick,  
Give this paper back to Bick;

Tell him that I gladly would  
Do him any sort of good:

But demand upon demand,  
Forces me to stop my hand;

And in short—(but don't be rough)—  
Say I can't, and that's enough!

Thus, dear sir, however I  
Your good-nature mean to try,

'Tis not but I know in fact  
How your judgment ought to act;

And whatever my success,  
I am not obliged the less;

But while memory endures,  
Shall remain for ever yours."

#### Wakefield on the Punishment of Death.

[Second Notice.]

WE return to this volume, with some degree of regret at having been obliged to postpone our review of its contents so long.

The scene of the recorder's report is well described, and the painting of a condemned sermon masterly. We select a portion of each.

" Generally, the recorder's report reaches the prison late at night. If there be any convicts in the school under sentence of death, all the boys in that ward are made to sit up during the night when the report is expected. About midnight the ordinary, attended by some officers of the sheriff, enters the school, dressed in his canonicals, and calls over the names of those under sentence of death. They step forth from the crowd, three of them, let us suppose, of the respective ages of fourteen, twelve, and ten. The ordinary, in his most solemn tone, says—'I am happy to inform you, A. B., and you, C. D., and you, E. F., that your cases have been taken into consideration by the king in council, and that his majesty has been mercifully pleased to spare your lives.' Instantly the boys fall on their knees and recite a thanksgiving to God and the king for the mercy graciously vouchsafed to them. To an un instructed observer this sight might be very edifying; but to those engaged in the scene it is, in truth, only a mockery. The whole scene is got up betwixt the ordinary, the schoolmaster, and the boys,—the ordinary instructing the schoolmaster, and the schoolmaster instructing the boys, as to the part which these last are to play in the farce. The boys, amongst themselves, will recite the whole scene beforehand; sometimes giving it a different turn, by causing one of themselves, who plays the ordinary, to say, that the king has

ordered the law to take its course; when those who play the convicts will act the most violent distress. Of course, the idea of what they are always made to profess, viz. gratitude to God and the king, never enters their heads; since every one is convinced that, as to these children, there never has been a question of danger. It is curious, however, to observe the satisfaction of the boys who are distinguished by taking a part in this ceremony. Their pride appears to be gratified by the distinction; and they have just the same air of agreeable excitement and self-importance, for days before the scene takes place, as marks a Westminster boy when he is about to be distinguished by acting in public. The other boys, waiting for trial or sentenced to transportation, envy those who are to kneel and give thanks to God and the king; whilst the whole party look forward to the midnight mockery as likely to be very amusing,—<sup>2</sup> to make, in their own language, 'a good bit of fun.' That they should be so easily amused is not surprising, when one considers the monotony of a prison life."

But the ceremony of the condemned sermon is the most horrid mockery in all this fatal drama.

"In the centre of Newgate there is a chapel, which will contain all the inmates of the prison. The duties of the chapel are performed by the ordinary, a clergyman of the established church. Every prisoner, except those who are sick and those who act as servants in the prison, attends the chapel once a-day during the week for about half an hour, and twice on Sundays, when the ordinary church service is performed, and a sermon is delivered to the prisoners. In the chapel, as elsewhere, there is some classification of the prisoners. A gallery to the south is given to the women, who are screened by a curtain. The opposite gallery is usually filled by capital convicts, whose sentences have been remitted, and others under sentence of transportation. Beneath the two galleries sit the mass of prisoners for trial; and between these, in the body of the chapel, other prisoners for trial, of what is called 'the more respectable class'—that is, persons who, arriving at the prison well-dressed and strangers to the keeper, are placed in a yard by themselves—as well as the schoolmaster and his boys, who sit round the communion-table opposite to the pulpit. In the midst of the chapel is a large pew painted black, which is called the condemned pew. Those who sit in it are visible to the whole congregation, and still more to the ordinary, whose desk and pulpit front the centre of the condemned pew, within a couple of yards of it. On either side of the pulpit is a small gallery, one called the sheriff's and the other the keeper's, both of which are occasionally occupied by strangers. The condemned pew, it will be understood, is the seat of prisoners under sentence of death. It is more or less filled by the results of every Old Bailey sessions, and is emptied by each decision of the council, which consigns some of those who had occupied it to the hulks, and the rest to the gallows. Let it be supposed that the condemned pew has been lately emptied, and that a new batch of convicts has just been sentenced to death. On the following morning all the inhabitants of the cells attend the service, and sit in the condemned pew. Their demeanour on the occasion, as well as that of the other prisoners, is highly instructive. In that of the mass of prisoners, one observes an expression of pity and respect towards the convicts; but that of the convicts shews many differences of feeling. Some tremble, and sigh or weep;

some swagger to their places, tossing their heads, smiling, nodding to their friends, and pretending to glory in the distinction of their danger; others appear stupidified, creeping into the pew, looking around them vacantly, as if unconscious of their state; and some, again, really behave with the most perfect, I mean with real composure, appearing, as they really are at the time, proud of the distinction of being amongst the condemned, but without any admixture of fear,—since these last are either boys whose youth they know protects them, or men convicted of offences, such as returning from transportation, which are never punished with death,—or criminals so hardened by constant contemplation of death by the hangman, that they can look forward to it as their own fate with comparative indifference. The entrance of a new batch of convicts into the condemned pew creates some sensation amongst the other prisoners, and produces a display of various feelings amongst the condemned themselves. But after the day when the condemned pew is refilled, a stranger visiting the chapel would be at a loss to distinguish the capital convicts from the great mass of prisoners for trial. If, however, he were to attend the chapel after an interval of some weeks, he would observe a striking change in the physical condition of most of the capital convicts. In several instances I have seen brown hair turned gray, and gray white, by a month of suspense such as most London capital convicts undergo. In the same short period the smooth face of a man of twenty-five becomes often marked with decided wrinkles on the forehead, and about the eyes and mouth; and, in certainly three cases out of four, one month of the cells of Newgate causes a great diminution of flesh over the whole body. 'How thin he grows!' is the common remark of the other prisoners, when speaking of one who has passed a month in the condemned pew. But except these changes in the physical state of persons under sentence of death, their appearance in the condemned pew presents nothing remarkable after the first day or two, when the novelty of their situation has worn off. At length the suspense of the majority is ended by the decision of the council; and these on the following day appear in a gallery of the chapel, placed in the front row, for the purpose, I conclude, of more fully seeing and being seen by their late comrades, who still remain in the condemned pew. On first meeting in the chapel after their separation, the two parties generally regard each other with fixed attention, and are closely watched by the rest of the congregation. What their respective feelings may be on the occasion, I pretend not to divine; but having witnessed the scene more than twenty times, I can form some guess at the feeling which it excites in the other prisoners. My own strongest sentiment on these occasions was one of anger—of that sort of anger which is commonly produced by witnessing gross injustice. One sees twenty-five fellow-creatures, who yesterday were all under sentence of death—twenty of them are saved, and five are utterly condemned. Are the five the most guilty? By no means. Perhaps two or three out of the five are within a degree of being the least guilty, whilst half of the twenty are the most guilty. But guilty in what respect?—in the eye of the law? No—for in the eye of the law they are all equally guilty. How then?—why, in respect to the degree of injury which the crime they have committed inflicts on society; by which rule alone ought to be measured, and in point of fact is mea-

sured, the anger of society towards criminals. Here, then, we see left for execution an ignorant creature, who, in some measure pressed by hunger, has stolen a sheep; or a broken tradesman, who, in the hope of retrieving his affairs, has passed a forged acceptance for 20*l.*, firmly intending to 'take up' the bill, and therefore not to commit a robbery; whilst there is snatched from death a notorious hardened burglar, a criminal by trade, whose every crime tended to murder. By whom was the selection made? Look back, reader, to the account of the fourth trial, and then say whether a sight like this would not rouse your indignation? Just, I do believe, as there is gross injustice in every decision of the privy council, so every separation of capital convicts who are to be saved, from those who are to be hanged, produces in the minds of those who witness the separation, a strong feeling of anger—a feeling which, considering who the persons are in whose breasts it is excited, soon becomes desperation; the very worst state of mind for any one, and the last, therefore, which it is the true object of punishment to excite amongst the criminals of society. In a desperate mood the prisoners in Newgate are called to pray for all their fellow-creatures, and 'especially for those now awaiting the awful execution of the law.' These words are introduced into every morning service between the decision of the council and the execution of those whom it has condemned. I would not undervalue the power of religion for the reformation of criminals, if it were used in conjunction with a rational and just system of punishment; but used as it is, in conjunction with gross injustice, and even as part of an act which that very religion describes as the greatest of crimes, the whole scene becomes a mockery equally of reason and religion. Murderers about to be executed do not pass through any religious ceremonies; they are not prayed for by their fellow-prisoners; and if they have the benefit of religious offices, that consolation is bestowed on them in the strictest privacy! And why? The answer I have always received is, that it would be wrong to *show* the least tenderness towards a murderer, and still more wrong to excite in his fellow-prisoners a sentiment of compassion and sympathy, by causing them to pray for him. Then why show tenderness, and excite the sympathy of criminals generally towards certain other criminals on whom you inflict the punishment awarded to the murderer? What is the object of your distinction? It has no object. From the moment that a prisoner enters the cells of Newgate, no pains are spared to excite in him a strong sentiment of religion; and this course is pursued towards all, without distinction, who are considered to be in danger. I doubt very much whether the attempt ever succeeds until after a prisoner is ordered for execution. The Rev. Mr. Cotton, the ordinary of Newgate, who has been chaplain of the jail for more than a dozen years, has often acknowledged to me, that he does not remember an instance of what he considered sincere conversion to religious sentiments, except in prisoners who were executed. A very great show of religious fervour is often made by prisoners even from the moment of their entrance into Newgate, still more after they enter the cells; but in such cases, when the punishment is finally settled at something less than death, the prisoner invariably behaves as if all his religion had been hypocrisy. Still there can be no doubt that a considerable number of those who are executed, die with a firm expectation of



happiness in another world. I cannot explain the contradiction—let the reader judge for himself. Two persons, say A. and B., are ordered for execution. They both display the liveliest faith in the doctrines of Christianity. Apparently the minds of both are equally filled with religious thoughts, to the exclusion of what belongs to this world. And the sincerity of both is equally manifest; for any one who watches them, may be sure that they have ceased to think of their own situation, otherwise than as they look forward to the approaching execution 'as the happiest moment of their lives.' I quote the words which are frequently uttered by persons ordered for execution, and to all appearance with entire sincerity; for it is an indubitable fact, that nearly in all such cases of religious fervour, the bodily health of the enthusiast is excellent, his sleep sound, his appetite good, his pulse steady, and his skin moist; whilst, speaking generally, he who goes to the scaffold scoffing at religion is full of bodily disease, of which the main symptoms are want of appetite and sleep, a rattling or fainting pulse, and a skin hot and dry, as if he were in a burning fever. Now in the supposed case of A. and B. the physical symptoms are precisely alike, whilst the language and conduct of the two men indicate the same degree of religious fervour. A. is hanged, blessing the executioner, and lost to all but one sentiment—that of confidence in his own salvation by faith. B. is spared, and within a week is heard laughing and railing at all religion. I have said before, that it is chance which generally decides who shall be hanged and who spared. Consequently, we are not to suppose that A.'s greater criminality was the cause of his greater enthusiasm; nor can we, indeed, presume that his religious feelings were more profound than those of B. Judging from several actual cases of this kind, I should say, that if B. had been hanged and A. spared, the same conduct would have attended the same circumstances, without regard to the person concerned. It is not often that much religious fervour is displayed by convicts until after they are ordered for execution; nor are the same pains taken to imbue them with religious feelings previously to the decision of the council. As soon as a man is ordered for execution, the great increase of his danger produces extraordinary exertion on the part of those who administer the offices of religion to the inmates of Newgate. These are the ordinary, a Catholic priest, and one or two dissenters, who volunteer their services, but who do not confine their offers of service to persons of their own sect. The Catholic priest attends the cells only when a Catholic is in danger. As soon, then, as the council has selected from a body of Old Bailey convicts those who are to be executed, the ordinary and his assistants visit the press-yard frequently every day, and indeed almost live with the condemned men, exhorting them to repentance, prayer, and faith. In about half such cases the exertions of religious teachers are most successful, and are attended, undoubtedly, with the happiest effects on the prisoners—the effects described above, as produced by religious sentiments. In about one case out of four no religious impression is produced; but the prisoner goes through all the ceremonies of his situation with an air of indifference, being occupied to the very last moment with the hope of a reprieve. In the fourth case, not only do the teachers fail in their endeavours to produce a religious feeling, but those very exertions have an effect directly opposite to the one intended, causing the pri-

soners to rail, I may say to rave, against religion, in terms of ridicule, scorn, and violent hatred. I should but shock the feelings of many, and without any countervailing advantage, by repeating the language, or particularly describing the conduct, of those prisoners who take offence at the anxiety of the chaplain and others to imbue them with religious sentiments. But I may add, that on almost every execution day on which several are hanged, the chaplain is subjected to the most outrageous insults from one or more of the doomed men. He will readily confirm this statement. And it may be further proper to say, for the information of religious persons amongst those who make our laws, that every year several of their fellow-creatures are cut off in front of Newgate in the very act of scoffing at God, and Christ, and the Holy Sacrament. Let us return to the condemned pew, supposing it to contain four persons ordered for execution. The rest of the congregation, I have said already, pray for the condemned during each morning's service; but on the Sunday preceding the execution, there is a grand ceremony, usually called 'the condemned sermon,' when, besides the sermon, which is of course made for the occasion, appropriate hymns are sung—such as 'the lamentation of a sinner'; and if the execution be to take place next day, part of the burial service is performed. The condemned service is conducted with peculiar solemnity, being attended by the sheriffs in their great gold chains, and is in other ways calculated to make a strong impression on the minds of the congregation, who may be considered as representing the criminals of the metropolis. Whether the impression be a good or a bad one, I leave the reader to decide: but in order that he may have the necessary materials for deciding justly, I lay before him the following description of a condemned sermon, premising only this—that not a circumstance is stated which I have not witnessed. The sheriffs are already seated in their own pew, accompanied by their under-sheriffs, and two friends drawn thither by curiosity. Not far from them appear two tall footmen, swelling with pride at their state liveries. The ordinary is in his deak; his surplice is evidently fresh from the mangle; and those who see him every day, observe an air of peculiar solemnity, and perhaps of importance, in his face and manner. The clerk is busied searching out the psalms proper for the occasion. The tragedy begins. Enter, first, the schoolmaster and his pupils; then the prisoners for trial; next the transports, among whom are the late companions of the condemned men; and then the women. Lastly, come the condemned: they are four in number. The first is a youth, about eighteen apparently. He is to die for stealing in a dwelling-house goods valued at more than 5*l*. His features have no felonious cast;—on the contrary, they are handsome, intelligent, and even pleasing. Craft, and fear, and debauchery, have not yet had time to put decided marks on him. He steps boldly, with his head upright, looks to the women's gallery, and smiles. His intention is to pass for a brave fellow with those who have brought him to this untimely end; but the attempt fails—fear is stronger in him than vanity. Suddenly his head droops; and, as he sits down, his bent knees tremble and knock together. The second is an older criminal, on whose countenance villain is distinctly written. He has been sentenced to death before, but reprieved, and transported for life. Having incurred the penalty of death by the act, in itself innocent, of returning to

England, he is now about to die for a burglary committed since his return. His glance at the sheriffs and the ordinary tells of scorn and defiance. But even this hardened ruffian will wince at the most trying moment, as we shall see presently. The third is a sheep-stealer, a poor ignorant creature, in whose case there are mitigating points, but who is to be hanged in consequence of some report having reached the ear of the secretary of state that this is not his first offence; and, secondly, because, of late, a good many sheep have been stolen by other people. He is quite content to die;—indeed, the exertions of the chaplain and others have brought him firmly to believe that his situation is enviable, and that the gates of heaven are open to receive him. Now observe the fourth—that miserable old man in a tattered suit of black: he is already half dead. He is said to be a clergyman of the church of England (Rev. Peter Fenn), and has been convicted of forgery. The great efforts made to save his life, not only by his friends but by many utter strangers, fed him with hope until his doom was sealed. He is now under the influence of despair. He staggers towards the pew, reels into it, stumbles forward, flings himself on to the ground, and, by a curious twist of the spine, buries his head under his body. The sheriffs shudder; their inquisitive friends crane forward; the keeper frowns on the excited congregation; the lately smirking footmen close their eyes and forget their liveries; the ordinary clasps his hands; the turnkeys cry 'hush!'; and the old clerk lifts up his cracked voice, saying, 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God.' People of London! is there any scene in any play so striking as this tragedy of real life, which is acted eight times a-year in the midst of your serene homes? They sing the Morning Hymn, which of course reminds the condemned of their prospect for to-morrow morning. Eight o'clock to-morrow morning is to be their last moment. They come to the burial service. The youth, who, alone of those for whom it is intended, is both able and willing to read, is, from want of practice, at a loss to find the place in his prayer-book. The ordinary observes him, looks to the sheriffs, and says aloud, 'the service for the dead!'. The youth's hands tremble as they hold the book upside-down. The burglar is heard to mutter an angry oath. The sheep-stealer smiles, and, extending his arms upwards, looks with a glad expression to the roof of the chapel. The forger has never moved. Let us pass on. All have sung 'the lamentation of a sinner,' and have seemed to pray, 'especially for those now awaiting the awful execution of the law.' We come to the sermon. The ordinary of Newgate is an orthodox unaffected church of England divine, who preaches plain homely discourses, as fit as any religious discourse can be fit for the irritated audience. The sermon of this day, whether eloquent or plain, useful or useless, must produce a striking effect at the moment of its delivery. The text, without another word, is enough to raise the wildest passions of the audience, already fretted by an exhibition of gross injustice, and by the contradiction involved in the conjunction of religion with the taking away of lives. 'The sacrifices of God are a broken heart: a broken and contrite heart, O God! thou wilt not despise.' For a while the preacher addresses himself to the congregation at large, who listen attentively—excepting the clergyman and the burglar, of whom the former is still rolled up at the bottom of the condemned pew, whilst the eyes of the latter are wandering round the

chapel, and one of them is occasionally winked, impudently, at some acquaintance among the prisoners for trial. At length the ordinary pauses; and then, in a deep tone, which, though hardly above a whisper, is audible to all, says — "Now to you, my poor fellow-mortals, who are about to suffer the last penalty of the law." But why should I repeat the whole? It is enough to say, that in the same solemn tone he talks for about ten minutes of crimes, punishment, bonds, shame, ignominy, sorrow, sufferings, wretchedness, pangs, childless parents, widows and helpless orphans, broken and contrite hearts, and death to-morrow morning for the benefit of society. What happens? The dying men are dreadfully agitated. The young stealer in a dwelling-house no longer has the least pretence to bravery. He grasps the back of the pew; his legs give way; he utters a faint groan, and sinks on the floor. Why does no one stir to help him? Where would be the use? The hardened burglar moves not, nor does he speak; but his face is of an ashy paleness; and, if you look carefully, you may see blood trickling from his lip, which he has bitten unconsciously, or from rage, or to rouse his fainting courage. The poor sheep-stealer is in a frenzy. He throws his hands far from him, and shouts aloud — "Mercy, good Lord! mercy is all I ask. The Lord in his mercy come! There! there! I see the Lamb of God! Oh! how happy! Oh! this is happy!" Meanwhile, the clergyman, still bent into the form of a sleeping dog, struggles violently; his feet, legs, hands, and arms, even the muscles of his back, move with a quick jerking motion, not naturally, but, as it were, like the affected part of a galvanised corpse. Suddenly he utters a short sharp scream, and all is still. The silence is short. As the ordinary proceeds, "to conclude," the women set up a yell, which is mixed with a rustling noise, occasioned by the removal of those whose hysterics have ended in fainting. The sheriffs cover their faces; and one of their inquisitive friends blows his nose with his glove. The keeper tries to appear unmoved; but his eye wanders anxiously over the combustible assembly. The children round the communion-table stare and gape with childish wonder. The two masses of prisoners for trial undulate and slightly murmur; while the capital convicts, who were lately in that black pew, appear faint with emotion. This exhibition lasts for some minutes, and then the congregation disperses; the condemned returning to the cells; the forger carried by turnkeys; the youth sobbing aloud convulsively, as a passionate child; the burglar muttering curses and savage expressions of defiance; whilst the poor sheep-stealer shakes hands with the turnkeys, whistles merrily, and points upwards with madness in his look. Of what use are the religious ceremonies in which persons about to be hanged are made to play a part? The question should not give offence to the most religious, since it applies only to the ceremonies. These, it would appear, are of no peculiar service to the condemned — that is, all the good which he derives from religion might be bestowed on him without any public ceremonies. The object, then, of the religious ceremonies in which he shares, is to make a useful impression on the other inmates of the prison. Is this object effected?

We never read a more graphic sketch than this; but its extent precludes us from offering a few remarks, as we purposed, in this Number, on the matters of which Mr. Wakefield treats. These being deferred, we shall now

only add one recent instance of the worse than folly exhibited on the execution of capital convicts. Motley, hanged at Lincoln for arson, says the *Lincoln Times*, "had obtained the comforting assurance of pardon from Him to whom the cry of a broken and contrite heart was never raised in vain; and never do the rays of Divine mercy appear so resplendently beautiful as when reflected from the tear of repentance on the cheek of the dying culprit!"

#### Jacob on the Precious Metals.

(Third Notice.)

CONTINUING our review of the interesting matter contained in these volumes, we now come nearer home.

"It has been supposed that in the present day, in this country, the quantity of gold and silver in actual existence, including utensils, ornaments, jewellery, trinkets and watches, is three or four times as great as the value of those metals which exists in the form of money. In case circumstances should arise to induce the conversion of plate into money, there would be a resource which could furnish a supply; but in the Roman empire, the plate and jewels of two thousand wealthy families would have been but a feeble aid to the money circulating in that powerful empire, which comprehended within its limits the most populous and extensive parts of the known world. The cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried by an eruption of Vesuvius about the year 79, when the Roman power and prosperity had shewn no visible tokens of that decline which began a few years afterwards. The latter was one of the most industrious and populous cities on the coast of Italy. Within the last century their ruins have been examined. Pompeii was covered with ashes and cinders, rather than with lava, and the investigators have been more successful in their examinations there than at Herculaneum. In some of the houses skeletons of the inhabitants have been discovered; in all, domestic utensils and personal ornaments. But among the utensils none have been found either of gold or of silver; but those for which in our day silver is almost exclusively adopted by the middle class of persons, are composed of iron or brass. These antiquities give a correct idea of the domestic arrangements of the people, such as they were at the period when the catastrophe occurred, and they shew most clearly that gold and silver were not to be found in the dwellings of the inhabitants; though the size of the houses, the paintings, the statues, the books, and other objects, sufficiently prove that the proprietors of them were persons at least in easy circumstances. From their durable nature, if gold and silver had been in these houses at the time of the calamity, they would have been found there, as the iron and bronze have been, of which their spoons and forks were made; and which retain their original shape after a lapse of more than seventeen hundred years."

The following is a curious superstition, which we must copy in its insulated position.

"The inhabitants of Pesquaire," says Dr. Belon, "and of the borders of the lake of Gard, and also of Salo, are firmly persuaded that the carp in those lakes are nourished with pure gold; and a great portion of the people in the Lyonnais are fully satisfied that the fish called humble and emblons eat no other food than gold. There is not a peasant in the environs of the lake of Bourgil who will not maintain that the laurets, a fish sold daily in Lyons, feed on pure gold alone. The same is the belief of the people on the lake Paladron in Savoy, and

of those near Lodi. But," adds the doctor, "having carefully examined the stomachs of these several fishes, I have found that they lived on other substances, and that from the anatomy of the stomach it is impossible they should be able to digest gold."

Our next extract is a historical view, in which much of important research is compressed into a wonderfully small compass.

*The Middle Ages.*—"It is further to be observed, that the coinage of the middle ages was conducted with little skill and still less taste. The operation had been rendered hereditary in certain families who were answerable for the intrinsic value of the pieces they issued, but troubled themselves very little about their beauty, being only compelled to stamp on them the name of the reigning sovereign. On account of the scarcity of silver about the year 1213, the Emperor of Germany established numerous mints in several cities; and, that the moneyers might practise no deceit, a number of persons were placed in each, under the title of *adjoints*, whose duty it was to buy and receive the metals, to watch carefully all the transactions regarding the real value of the coins, and especially of those of inferior standard; but, above all, to superintend the securing those emoluments to the emperor to which he was entitled for his seigniorage. Those precautions were found, however, so ineffectual, that it became necessary to issue penal ordinances, by which the punishment of the galleys in some cases, and of death in others, was decreed. Without further mention of the productions of the mints in the middle ages, it is sufficient to observe, that the coins of that period being clumsily formed, were thicker than those of more recent date; and as they thus exposed a much less surface to friction, there was proportionably less loss on them than on modern pieces of money. There is good reason to conclude, that during the period we are viewing, a very small part of the produce of the mines of gold and silver was permanently applied to other purposes than that of money. A portion of it was undoubtedly used for domestic utensils, for religious institutions, and for personal decorations; but it would appear that such portions were small, and dispersed among the higher classes of society, including the ecclesiastical communities, in very small quantities. We should be justified in concluding, that whatever existed in other forms than that of money, was, with the money, held to be at the disposition of the government whenever the necessities of the public required it to be put in requisition. Thus, when Richard, king of England, was a prisoner in Austria, Louis of France in Egypt, and John of France in England, their redemption was effected by placing in requisition, as has been already noticed, the plate of noble individuals and of religious houses in all parts of their dominions. The gold and silver articles, of whatever kind, so collected, would be converted into coin, either by those who delivered or those who received them, and become a part of the general mass of current money. In more tranquil seasons, when peace gave a breathing time for the indulgence of luxuries, the coin might and probably would be reconverted into objects of gratification. These changes might increase the waste of both metals. As far as relates to silver, there is a small portion of waste at every melting; and though gold suffers no loss by that operation, yet, in its application to objects of personal decoration, it is divided into such small particles, that some of them, from their very minuteness, become insensibly mixed up



in other substances, from which they are only separated at an expense of time and labour which exceeds their value. In some of the ancient chronicles, notices are to be found which would give a higher value to the stock of silver and gold in the possession of some individuals than appears to be justified by a more rigid examination. In the gold, silver, and jewels, taken from Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II., it is said by Rymer, that some of the silver articles in his collection had cost four times the value of the metal in workmanship. The workmen on the precious metals, except, perhaps, on the inferior parts of the work, were not mere mechanics, but men of a superior order, like artists, such as Cellini in Italy at a later period. Among the operators on gold and silver in England, we find several ecclesiastics noticed, especially one Alan de Walsingham, a monk of Ely, who, as well as others of his class, were celebrated for their superior skill in the goldsmith's art. Whilst the fabrication of any articles is confined to artists, they must necessarily be rare; and when they become subjects of extensive demand and use, the labour will be executed by common mechanics or manufacturers. In that now usual appendage to the dress of almost every decent person, the watch, though it had been introduced as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, only the outer case was made of silver and the inner one of copper, and a gold watch was not known till a period long subsequent to the first invention. As far as is known of the jewellery of that day, it appears to have derived its great value from the precious stones, and in a very small degree from the gold or silver in which it was fixed. Thus, when our Henry the Third pawned his jewels for five thousand marcs, or ten thousand pounds, to the King of France in 1261, the gold of the rings, in number three hundred and twenty-four, however heavy they may have been, could have borne no proportion in value to the sum borrowed, the security for which must have been founded on the precious stones. From the great value thus created in articles of which gold and silver bore a part, we infer that great care must have been taken of their preservation, and that the articles of silver whose value was increased by the costly workmanship, and those of gold by the stones imbedded in it, were rarely used, and that consequently there was but little loss occasioned by that degree of friction to which they were exposed. The art of gilding and plating had been carried to some considerable extent, and the metal which was thinly coated with gold or silver was fraudulently sold for those metals. To prevent such frauds, and also to prevent the use or waste of too much gold and silver, as the preamble recites, the act of the fifth Henry the Fourth, cap. 13, was passed, which enacts 'that no artificer or other man shall henceforth gild or silver any locks, rings, beads, candlesticks, harness of girdles, chalices, hilts, nor pummels of swords, nor covers for cups made of copper or latten, upon pain to forfeit to the king one hundred shillings; but that the said artificers may work (chalices excepted) ornaments for the church of copper and latten, and gild or silver the same; so that always on the foot or some other part of the copper or the latten shall be plain, to the intent that a man may see whereof the thing is made, for to eschew the deceit thereof.' We conclude, therefore, that during the period in question, there could be but little consumption of the gold and silver which composed the money; or of that used as utensils or ornaments in an un-mixed state; but that, up to passing the act

quoted, in the year 1403, there must have been a considerable quantity consumed by gilding and plating on the inferior metals." With this we conclude Vol. I.

*An Original Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul; founded solely on Physical and Rational Principles.* By Samuel Drew, A.M. Fifth edition. 8vo. pp. 364. London, 1831. Fisher, Son, and Co.

A LITTLE-MINDED, querulous sceptic having annoyed Ugo Foscolo with a number of frivolous questions upon matter and mind, asked him, among other queries, Whether he believed in the immortality of the soul—or, in fact, whether such an essence had any existence or not? Foscolo, calling to mind the individual insignificance of him who put the question, answered, "I do not know whether you have any soul—but I am quite sure I have." We have related this anecdote for the benefit of all those who are anxious to ask similar questions to that put to Foscolo by his sceptical companion, in order that we may refer them for a number of satisfactory answers to Mr. Drew's able work on this subject. If plain writing and straightforward reasoning carry with them any claim to recommendation, we can vouch for the present volume being entitled to attention, and secure of well-deserved popularity; if, indeed, that need be predicated of a volume originally published in the country, which has of its own merit, without quacking or puffery, run through four large editions, and is now ultimately improved by the last affecting and important touches of the admired and venerable author. The train of argument throughout the essay is perspicuous and forcible—the result of a clear-sighted and clever mind dedicating to its object that unwearied earnestness which so momentous a point of inquiry demands from all who venture upon its discussion. We give the following chapter relative to the soul in sleep. We do not wish it to be considered as a favourable specimen; this would be unfair—for we have quoted, not selected.

"Another argument urged against the immateriality of the soul, which is as specious as it is unsound, is generally stated thus:—'If the soul be a thinking immaterial substance, and consciousness be essential to its nature, it must follow, that the soul must always think: but this is contrary to what every man experiences. We have no recollection of what passes in sleep; and having no recollection, we are left destitute of all proof that consciousness at that time existed. And to suppose an immaterial substance to exist, and to allow consciousness to be essential to its nature, and yet to admit an interval in which this consciousness can afford no evidence of its existence, is to admit as certain, a consciousness of which we have no evidence—it is to suppose a man to be conscious and not to be conscious at the same time.' To combat theory with fact and incident must always be forcible, and sometimes conclusive; and when theory can be fairly confronted with such incidents, as its design was to invalidate and overcome, fact and incident must always be decisive in favouring the point in debate. But when theory is established on the firm and immovable basis of solid and conclusive reasoning, fact itself must be presented fairly to the mind, to counterbalance the efficacy of such arguments as it has to oppose. The phenomena of appearance are no proof of reality. Speciousness may dazzle the eye, but it cannot produce conviction.

The inquiring mind investigates with accuracy, and moves with slow but steady steps, from link to link in the great chain of causes and effects. To give to the objection that solidity which it claims, it is necessary that it should be made to appear, that every man, or some individual man, is not always conscious. And when this is established, the conclusive part of the objection must be admitted; and it will then appear, that it is contradictory to suppose consciousness to be essential to the nature of an immaterial principle, while an interval can be proved in which this consciousness has no existence. Of every fact which we attempt to establish, we must have some conception; without this, we cannot be certain that it is fact; and every idea which we have of any fact, supposes the existence of this fact. But for any man to prove, or rather attempt to prove, that the mind is not always conscious, is to prove the positive existence of a negation. Should it be asserted, that man is not always conscious, I would ask, How can that fact be known? It must be deduced from reasoning, must be self-evident, or must exist in common experience. And, if I mistake not, it is not difficult to prove that it can be in neither. To prove by reasoning, the reality of what is supposed to have no existence, is proving exactly the reverse of what is wanted to establish the supposition—it is proving the existence of a nonentity; it cannot, therefore, be known by reasoning. To suppose it to be self-evident, is also to admit the existence of what is presumed to have no existence; and which, could it be once granted, would necessarily destroy the very supposition it was designed to establish; it would prove exactly the reverse of what it ought. It would prove that an individual is sometimes conscious that he is unconscious. What, therefore, is presumed to have no existence, cannot possibly be self-evident. Neither can it be by common experience. Of whatever we admit on the ground of experience, we must be conscious; without this, the very term is done away. It is preposterous to suppose that we experience the absence of consciousness, while the very supposition itself, wherever it exists, establishes the fact which we attempt to deny. And for any man to suppose himself destitute of consciousness, is in effect for him to suppose, that he is conscious of the absence of all consciousness—that he now experiences what he does not experience—and that he now knows what he does not know. It is proving the non-existence of a thing by the existence of the thing itself. A nonentity, therefore, cannot be proved; and the fact which was necessary to support the conclusive part of the objection, has vanished into air. To assert that a continuation of thought may be inferred from a continuation of life, may probably be deemed more presumptuous than conclusive, because it seems to assume the point for which proof is demanded. But though this inference should be declined, the regularity with which animal life proceeds, during the recess of nature, cannot but furnish us with some striking analogies. The man who is asleep is as insensible that he is alive, as he is that he is conscious; and should we appeal to him for proof, he would find it equally as difficult to furnish evidence in the former case as in the latter. But, however insensible he may be of his condition, we well know that his lungs heave, his breathing continues, his heart beats, his blood circulates, and his pulsation goes on. And yet when he wakes, he has no knowledge whatever of these facts, and nothing can induce



him to admit them as such, but information and analogy. If, then, the functions of animal economy may be, and actually are, carried on in the hours of sleep, without our knowledge or sensibility, why may not the mind continue its operations also, even though we never could know the manner in which it is employed? We well know, that frequently while we are asleep, the mind is occupied with dreams, many of which so far engage the attention as to leave an impression which continues when we are awake. Nay, some of these are recollected with pain or pleasure after a series of years, and even continue through life. Among these dreams a great number are totally forgotten when we first start from sleep; and sometimes it is the case, that some occurrence which happens in the day recalls the impression, and brings it to our memories in all its vividness. Sometimes days, and even weeks, elapse, before these sleeping impressions are recalled; and yet when they return, no person can convince us that our minds were unconscious through the whole of that night on which they were first made. But should any person, during the interval which passed between the dream and our recollection of it, assert, that our consciousness was suspended, that the mind did not operate, and that all our mental powers were destitute of activity, we should have no means of contradicting the assertion, until a recollection of the impression returned. But whenever this took place, we should want no arguments to convince us that his opinion was unfounded. In like manner, it may with safety be admitted, that we have no reason to conclude that the mind is unconscious either when we sleep or when we wake, merely because we do not recollect what passed through our minds during these questionable hours. No doubt a multitude of dreams occur to the mind, to which even then we pay little or no attention, and which we never recollect afterwards. Though, could these be collected in the regular train of succession in which they occurred, it is highly probable that they would leave but few intervals in which the perpetual consciousness of the mind could be questioned. These considerations are sufficient to silence objections against the perpetual consciousness of the mind during the hours of sleep, even though they may be deemed insufficient to prove that consciousness does actually and unremittently exist. But it would not affect the immateriality of the soul, although it could be proved that there were intervals in which the mind paid no attention to its own operations, even at the time that it was engaged. This fact, the occurrences of our waking hours will sufficiently prove. And every instance in which the attention is suspended, whether sleeping or waking, will demonstrate the fact. That men do not always attend to their own consciousness, I readily admit; but it does not follow from hence, that consciousness during these intervals has no existence. It proves that we have no apprehension of the thing, but it does not prove the non-existence of the thing itself. The existence of a faculty of the mind and of its actions, and our apprehension of their existence, are distinct ideas. The former may exist independently of the latter, but the latter cannot exist if the former cease to be. The existence of a faculty must necessarily precede, in the order of nature, our apprehension of its existence; and the action of this faculty must, for the same reason, precede our knowledge of it. If, then, the existence of consciousness and thinking must necessarily precede our apprehension of them, our apprehension of them

can in no way whatever be essential to their real being. It is, therefore, not only possible that the soul may think during the hours of sleep, though we may be totally ignorant, when we awake, of those objects which then approached the mind, as well as insensible of the manner of our intellectual operations; but it appears absurd to suppose that the operations of the mind, and our apprehension of them, should be co-existent with one another. And, consequently, where recollection fails, those subjects which occupied our thoughts must be totally unknown. Although the faculty of the soul be always the same, it may, nevertheless, vary in the manner of its operations. Thinking may diverge itself into a thousand directions, and consciousness may be employed about as many different ideas; but it does not follow from thence that we must always understand the manner in which the former operates, or that in which the latter is employed. Hence, it is no more necessary to our idea of thinking, that we always understand the manner in which the faculty operates, than it is necessary to the operations themselves, that we should always comprehend the secret springs by which they move. In like manner, it is no more necessary to the existence of consciousness, that we always recollect the manner in which it was employed, or the ideas about which it was occupied, than that we should be acquainted with those mysterious laws by which consciousness is governed, or that both should be supposed to depend for their existence upon our knowledge of them. Our being conscious of any given fact, is a simple action of the mind operating upon that fact, while our attention to what is passing is a reflex act of the mind operating upon its own operations. The former must precede the latter in the order of nature, and therefore must exist independently of it; while the latter, founded on the former, is dependent on it for its existence. But whether the latter exist or not, it implies neither contradiction nor absurdity."

We strongly advocate Mr. Drew's work, not only from its obvious utility in supplying the means of defence against the assaults of scepticism, but as a source at once of gratification to the mind from its matter, and of beneficial exercise from the clear tone of reasoning which pervades its pages.

*The Prospect of Reform in Europe.* Pp. 55. London, 1831. Rich.

A PAMPHLET re-edited from the *North American Review*, published at Boston six weeks ago. *Fas est ab hoste doceri* should be its motto, for it contains much important matter, on which the English reader should chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought. In favour of reform, it disguises none of the mighty effects now in progress, and discusses many of the topics connected with this engrossing question so ably, as to be well calculated to open the eyes of the public to the real bearings of the case.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

**NEW AND DESTRUCTIVE ENGINE OF WAR.** We have this week been favoured with the sight of some experiments made with a newly invented pistol, for which a patent has been taken out.

This important invention, which appears destined to produce a new era in modern warfare, is decidedly the most destructive weapon, in all its forms, that has ever been offered to the consideration of any government. Its ex-

treme simplicity, the facility with which it can be cleaned, its prodigious and varied powers, render it peculiarly applicable to every purpose of naval and military warfare to which firearms can be applied.

1st, A pistol, either for cavalry, for the defence of breaches, or for boarding, which can be loaded and fired ten times in one minute, projecting at each discharge 12 missiles in one horizontal line, diverging laterally from 12 to 18 feet, and within an elevation of 6 feet, at the distance of 30 or 40 yards. Each man discharging 120 missiles per minute, 100 men in ten minutes are enabled to discharge 120,000 missiles, each equal in effect to an ordinary pistol-ball. Suppose that a squadron of 100 men charge an enemy's squadron of equal numbers, and that 75 direct their aim so badly that not one of their missiles took effect, there still remain 300 well-directed missiles at the first discharge; or, even imagine it possible that only 1 in 100 was efficient, 100 men in ten minutes could put 1200 *hors de combat*.

2d, A short carbine, capable of being discharged with the same rapidity as the pistol, but propelling 16 instead of 12 missiles, and particularly applicable to naval warfare, as 50 men, directing their fire on the enemy's deck, while the fire of 50 more was directed against the men on the masts and rigging, would in one minute pour a shower of 16,000 missiles over the whole vessel; thus rendering her defenceless, and the boarding and capture consequently easy and almost instantaneous.

The Marquess of Clanricarde, who has taken a great interest in the perfection of this instrument, was present at the experiments, together with Colonel Buller, and several other gentlemen. They were conducted by Mr. Wilkinson, the eminent gun-maker in Pall Mall, and completely succeeded in producing all the effects we have enumerated. The pistol was about 3½ lbs. in weight, with an elliptical muzzle, and loaded with great ease and simplicity at the breech. The specimen was admirably finished as a piece of workmanship, and the balls were thrown with such force that they rebounded from a brick wall, at thirty yards, more than half-way back. It seemed to us impossible that any military force could exist in the face of so terrible an engine; and for the protection of houses from burglars, we never saw so irresistible a weapon. The invention, as improved by Mr. Wilkinson, is applicable to cannon as well as smaller arms; and as it is about to be tried by our public boards, we have no doubt it will soon become well known to the world.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE ROYAL CLARENCE VASE.

We have seldom been struck with more surprise and admiration than we felt on entering the apartment of the Queen's Bazaar in Oxford Street, in which this magnificent specimen of human ingenuity, perseverance, and taste, is exhibited. The form of the vase is classical and beautiful, the size stupendous, the execution rich and varied beyond conception. When illuminated by numerous gas-lights, the effect is in the highest degree splendid and brilliant, and realises the wonders of the Arabian Nights. This unique and extraordinary work of art is fourteen feet in height; its diameter is twelve feet; its weight upwards of six tons; and it is capable of containing eight pipes, or about five thousand four hundred bottles of wine,—a tolerably sufficient provision for a small convivial party. The inventor of this striking novelty (the value of which is estimated at ten thousand

guineas) is Mr. John Gunby, of Birmingham; and we extract the following passages from a sketch of its origin, history, and character, which recently appeared in a Birmingham journal:—

"It is now nearly four years since Mr. Gunby invented and executed two small vases, about eighteen inches high, the first specimens of the art, which he shewed to some of his friends; and by their recommendation he was induced to procure an introduction, through Sir Frederick Watson, to his late majesty George IV., who was pleased to express his unqualified approbation of the invention and execution, and commanded Mr. Gunby to execute a vase on a much larger scale, suitable for one of his palaces. Thus encouraged by the countenance of so distinguished a judge, Mr. Gunby returned to Birmingham, and in a few hours finished a rough sketch of a vase of the purest Grecian form, and of the prodigious dimensions of the one now exhibiting at the Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street, London. This original sketch, though produced in the incredibly short time of a few hours, has undergone few or no alterations either in the outline or in the detail; and the boldness of the conception is no less creditable to Mr. Gunby, than the great taste he has shewn in the rich variety and harmony of the colours, and the extraordinary mechanical ingenuity displayed in the general adaptation of the parts, forming a mass of glass-work hitherto unequalled in magnitude, and presenting a combination of beauty and magnificence altogether unexampled in the arts. The prevailing colour of the exterior of the vase is gold, which for the most part has the appearance of being richly embossed, and which is very agreeably relieved by a vivid emerald green and scarlet. The different compartments of the exterior are judiciously diversified,—not irregularly and without system, but exhibited in tiers continued round the bowl, and forming distinct patterns of the most dazzling beauty. This effect perfectly astonished us, and is certainly a new era in the art of glass-cutting; but on a nearer inspection, we perceived it was produced by the most elaborate cutting either on the upper or under side of the glass; and by the skilful management of a variety of gilding and colouring all underneath the surface, a richness and brilliancy is produced equal to the most finished specimens of enamel, possessing at the same time the rare merit of being equally durable, the gold and colouring being securely protected from the action of the atmosphere. The interior surface possesses less brilliancy than the exterior; but we think it is calculated to please the general spectator by the contrast it exhibits in its subdued colouring. The colour of the ground is a warm lavender, with the vine-leaf of vivid green flowing gracefully from the upper lip to the centre of the vase. The arms, which are in bronze and highly finished, were modelled by Mr. William Hollins, of this town, from a design of his own. Each of the arms consists of two griffins' heads, grasping a massive chain between the teeth, and supported by a scroll, from which flows the elegant and classical acanthus leaf, embracing the bowl on either side, and, being of bronze, forms a fine relief to the general character of the work."

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The First Sign in Egypt.* Painted by J. M. Scrymgeour.

THIS picture is now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall; and if an effort to accomplish a production of art of the highest class, and distinguished

success in so noble an aim, are deserving of patronage, then will M. Scrymgeour meet with no stinted share of public encouragement. The subject is the evidence of the divine mission of Moses and Aaron, given to Pharaoh by the serpent-rod of the Hebrews swallowing up the rods of the Egyptian magicians. The artist has presented us with Pharaoh in splendour upon his throne, the magicians discomfited and enraged, Moses looking upwards for heavenly assistance, and a multitude of people variously affected by the miracle. The architecture, covered with hieroglyphics, has a superb effect; and a distant view of the pyramids, together with an extraordinary and powerful light, which is introduced with great effect, add wonderfully to the general beauty of the design. The colouring throughout is brilliant;—the whole a work of genius, the more to be admired, when we reflect on the difficulties to be encountered by the aspiring painter of any picture of this exalted order.

*Richmond, and its Surrounding Scenery.* Engraved by, and under the direction of, W. B. Cooke; from Drawings by eminent Artists. With Descriptive Letter-press by Mrs. Holland. Part I.

No work that we can conceive, of a similar character, could come before the public associated with more pleasing sentiments, or exciting a more classic interest, than this. Few dwellers in the metropolis, and few occasional visitors to it, but are well acquainted with the picturesque beauties of Richmond and its neighbourhood; and there is scarcely any foreigner by whom they have been seen, who does not allow that their claims to admiration equal those of the richest pastoral landscape of his own country. The representation of such delightful scenery, treated by such artists as those who are engaged in the present undertaking, cannot fail to be favourably received by the public in general, as well as by the lovers and encouragers of the fine arts. The publication will be comprised in two Parts, each containing twelve plates. In this, the first Part, the drawings, with the exception of four by his able pupil Mr. Barnard, are from the pencil of Mr. Harding, whose high rank among our water-colour painters is well known; and the plates, with the similar exception of four by his able pupil Mr. Frederick Smith, are from the graver of Mr. W. B. Cooke, to whom we have too often paid the just meed of approbation in the *Literary Gazette*, to render any further eulogium on his powers necessary. The subjects have been selected with great taste and judgment; and the fidelity of the delineation of them is unimpeachable. There are also several clever little wood vignettes, which ornament a letter-press illustration of the work by Mrs. Holland, whose literary talents, whose love of the beauties of nature, and whose former residence at this enchanting spot, eminently qualify her for the task.

*Mr. C. Davis, His Majesty's Huntsman, on his favourite Mare Columbine.* Painted by R. B. Davis, Animal Painter to His Majesty; engraved by W. Giller. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE title of this beautiful print gives but a very inadequate notion of its variety. It is not only a portrait of Mr. Davis on his mare, both painted in fine and spirited action, but it represents a pack of hounds in full chase through a rich and picturesque country; the whole executed with great vigour and taste, and with that striking intelligence and discrimination of

animal character by which Mr. Davis's pencil is distinguished. The plate is charmingly engraved.

*William the Fourth.* Dobbs.

A FINE profile resemblance of his Majesty, embossed on tinted paper. The name of the artist by whom the die was sunk ought to have been introduced, that he might not, like one of Ossian's heroes, be "defrauded of his fame."

*View of the New London Bridge, from Trawler Wharf, Southwark.* By R. H. Essex. On stone, by Scharf. Dickinson.

ANOTHER view, in which we see more of the structure of the bridge and the boats, &c. on the river below. Mr. Essex is, we believe, a young artist; but he belongs to a family eminently gifted with taste and talents, especially in music, and he shews himself to be worthy of his kin.

*Ceremony of opening London Bridge.* Procession on the Bridge. Drawn by Thomas Allom. Fisher and Co.

THIS print affords a true and lively idea of the gay scene which presented itself upon the new bridge when the royal party promenade it. Though on so small a scale, the likenesses of the principal personages are well preserved; and the *tout ensemble* is at once accurate and pleasing.

*Christ crowned with Thorns.* Painted by L. Caracci. Drawn on stone by F. Wilkins, Esq.

RISE from human to divine, Mr. Wilkins has here exercised his lithographic powers on a head, the size of life, from the fine painting of an ancient master. The execution is very skilful, and the delicacy with which the Man of Sorrows is represented does infinite credit to the art. The original partakes of the pathetic rather than of the sublime, and the engraver has faithfully caught the expression. Indeed, we have seen nothing on stone of this kind more honourable to the English school.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

MR. PETER NASMYTH.

THIS distinguished and extraordinary painter died on Wednesday, at his lodgings in South Lambeth, in the forty-sixth year of his age. His death was occasioned by his ruling passion. Not recovered from the influenza, under which he had been some time suffering, he went to Norwood to make a study of one of those scenes on which he especially delighted to exercise his pencil, and in the execution of which he stood alone. A severe cold was the effect of this exposure. He was thrown back upon his bed in a state of weakness that nothing could restore. The most skilful professional aid, in the kind attentions of Mr. Wardrop, and the affectionate care of his relatives, were of no avail.

Peter Nasmyth was the eldest son of Alexander Nasmyth of Edinburgh, whose talents as a painter of landscape have been known and estimated through half a century, and who still lives in the vigorous exercise of his powers, surrounded by a numerous and gifted family. The earliest recollections of Peter tell of his devoted attachment to nature. Nature was in truth his school; for this the schoolmaster was neglected,—and the truant boy was found, not robbing orchards, nor indulging in sensual gratifications, but with a pencil in his hand, drawing some old tree, or making out the anatomy of a hedge-flower. To lash him into the study of books was impossible—the attempt was given up in despair. He was allowed to take his own

course, and to follow out in his own way the dictates of his powerful genius. A remarkable circumstance occurred at a very early age, which proves how strongly his imagination was impressed with the objects of his study. He was going on a sketching excursion with his father. In making some preparations the evening previous, his right hand was disabled, and it was thought his part of the undertaking would be abortive. His friends did not know his powers. Peter set off—his right hand was disabled, but he had another; and with this left hand he made sketches which are sought after now by collectors for their truth and fidelity. His ingenuity suggested many contrivances to facilitate the study of nature in the stormy atmosphere of his native mountains. One of these was a travelling tent, which may be recollected by his companions as more creditable to his enthusiasm than to his mechanical skill.

At the age of twenty he came to London, where his talents were soon appreciated, and he got the name of the English Hobbima. Hobbima and Ruysdael seem to have been his favourite masters. Without being a copyist of their manner, he may be said to have infused their spirit into his works; but Peter was still original. His pictures have been sought after, and will continue to be collected, for their own intrinsic excellence. The most distinguished amateurs of the day may be ranked amongst his patrons; and there is scarcely a collection in England that does not boast the possession of some of his works. Sickness found him in the midst of employment; and he may indeed be said to have "felt the ruling passion strong in death." In the late thunder-storm, when too weak to support himself upright, he wished the curtains to be drawn aside, and begged his sisters to lift him up, that he might register in his memory the splendour of the passing effects. In these breathings after his favourite art his life passed away: death seemed mere exhaustion, without pain or visible disease.

In his habits Peter Nasmyth was peculiar. Deafness, which had come upon him from sleeping in a damp bed, at the age of seventeen, robbed him of many of those advantages which others enjoy. Shut out, in some measure, from society by this affliction, he was too apt to indulge, in his solitude, in excesses, from which many of his most distinguished countrymen have not been entirely free. It must not be disguised that his constitution was undermined by these habits. Illness, when it came, found a frame unprepared to resist it. Happily for mankind, these habits are no longer considered necessary to talent; and let us hope that Peter Nasmyth may be the last man of genius who shall be named as having followed Burns in other things besides his enthusiasm for poetry and his love of nature.

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

Mr. Masov, who has become the lessee of the King's Theatre, at a rent of 16,000*l.* for next season, is the gentleman whom we mentioned in a former *Literary Gazette* as the author and composer of an Italian opera, on a stirring subject in Irish history. He is, therefore, though new as a manager, possessed at least of qualifications which eminently fit him for an undertaking of this kind. His plans and projected improvements are, we learn, of great variety and novelty. A constant succession of new operas hitherto unknown to the English

public; morning promenade-rooms for ladies, with refreshments and accommodations for taking boxes, &c. &c.; the whole pit divided into seats, which may be secured for individuals at the usual price; a spirited opening of the season, instead of waiting till near its close for exertion; the engagement of new and excellent singers—are among the arrangements contemplated. We believe Mr. Mason will make the Opera in this country what it ought to be, for its own credit, and for the expense bestowed upon it.

##### ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

On Monday, after the *Sorceress*, in which Miss H. Cawse continues to sing and play delightfully, and the fine organ of H. Phillips is heard with increase of admiration, we were amused with a lively operetta, part and parcel of a piece performed at the Queen's Theatre, called *Arrangement*, from the pen of Don Telesforo de Trueba. The rise of this writer in our literature may be estimated by the quantum of scurrility which he provokes in that division of the periodical press of which personality and scurrility are the staple; and we dare say *Arrangement* will obtain its due share of abuse. Much, however, would be thrown away upon it,—like putting an elephant's castle on the back of a kid,—for it is a mere lively and playful little trifle, made sufficient for half an hour's entertainment by the bustle and vivacity of Wrench. This clever actor is quite in his element as *Tom Trim*; a fellow who, in arranging every thing, counteracts not only all his friends' projects, but his own—procures the marriage of his intended to a rival, and at last finds himself the only unit in the drama for whom there is no arrangement whatever. The idea is pleasant, and it is wrought out in a light and laughable fashion, with a few pretty songs by Mrs. Keeley and Mr. Bland, to diversify the scene. It was very favourably received.

On Thursday a new romantic musical drama, called the *Evil Eye*, was produced here with complete success. The music, by Mr. Rodwell, is effective and pleasing; the acting, by Miss Kelly, O. Smith, Reeve, Miss Poole, Miss H. Cawse, and other less prominent characters, is all that an author could wish. On Thursday performances we have, however, no time to dilate; and we can only congratulate the frequenters of the English Opera upon a new source of great gratification and amusement.

#### VARIETIES.

*Benevolence.*—A work, entitled "Original Compositions in Poetry and Prose," illustrated by a few original drawings, and some pieces of music, is announced by a union of accomplished young ladies for the benefit of a most respectable family in reduced circumstances. The Queen has graciously patronised this undertaking, the nature of which induces us to wish it all possible success. We love to see literature engaged in the cause of charity.

*Medal Engraving.*—A Society for the encouragement of Medal Engraving in Great Britain is about to be formed. It is to consist of an unlimited number of members, at a small annual subscription; its object being to promote and encourage the art of medal engraving, by publishing continually medals commemorative of eminent men or remarkable events, and employing none but native artists to execute them.

*Orphan House.*—Among the most distinguished institutions of Greece must be placed

the Orphanotrophium at Ægina, under the able direction of A. Mustoxidi, its president, who has superintended it for nearly two years. Such children of Grecian families as were wandering about friendless and alone, and were adopted by the state, and provided for first in Poros, and afterwards in Napoli, found at length a permanent asylum in the new Orphan House in Ægina. At the end of 1829 their number amounted to 495, of whom 145 were from the Peloponnesus, 175 from Greece Proper, 25 from the islands of the Archipelago, and 155 of Greek families who had been obliged to abandon their country. In the year 1830, when many Greek parents who had been parted from their children by slavery, or other accidents of war, returned to their country, and found their long-lost offspring in the Orphanotrophium, many expressed a desire to remove them to their native place. The government consented, and ninety-eight went back with their parents.

*Grecian Antiquities.*—The Greek government some time since issued a decree, commanding all antiquities found in the interior to be brought to the national museum, in order to preserve them from future destruction, and also to prevent their exportation. It already consists of 1090 painted vases, of various forms and descriptions; 108 lamps, and 24 smaller statues, of terra-cotta; 16 small earthen vessels, 19 glass vases, 34 alabaster vases, 137 copper utensils, comprising patere and other sacrificial vessels; 71 stone tablets, with inscriptions; 24 statues, 14 bas-reliefs, 53 fragments of sculpture, and 339 coins and medals.

*Schools in Greece.*—Though the internal administration of the new Grecian state has hitherto been prevented, by the want of proper teachers, and the requisite funds, from establishing an adequate number of public schools for the instruction of youth, it has nevertheless succeeded in founding elementary schools in the principal district towns. Unremitting exertions are making in the different provinces to obtain collections of pecuniary and other resources for the establishment of public schools; and, besides those already in operation, the building of twenty new ones has been commenced, and will soon be completed.

*New Island.*—The *Semaphore*, of Marseilles, states, on the authority of the captain of a brig, sailing between Trafani and Girgenti, that an island was formed by a volcanic eruption in the middle of July, in that part of the Mediterranean. The phenomena are represented as being very striking. An immense mass of water was thrown up to the height of sixty feet, accompanied by a sulphureous smoke and great noise. The result of the submarine explosion is an island, in 37° 6' north lat. and 10° 26' east long. from the meridian of Paris. It is an active volcano, with a crater in its centre, whence lava flows. The sea all around is a hundred fathoms deep.

*Divinity in Greece.*—To supply the want of well-educated clergymen, the convent of Saint Moni, in the island of Poros, was erected into a theological seminary at the end of October 1830. Two professors are to instruct the scholars in ancient Greek, the catechism, and in the duties of the ministerial office.

*Lakes of Killarney.*—It was only last week we noticed Mr. Croker's admirable little Guide to the pleasure-tour of Killarney; and we consequently perused the following newspaper paragraph a few days after, with feelings of greater compassion. "The most awful thunder-storm ever recollected within the memory of the oldest people in the neighbourhood of



Killarney, took place on Thursday last at Glan-fleck, near that town, about two o'clock after noon. The peasantry in that romantic glen were astounded with its frightful peals, which were succeeded by several water-spouts pouring from the heavens until the whole glen was deluged; and occurring, as it did, on a sudden, assailed a number of humble habitations, which, together with the unfortunate inmates, thirty-eight in number, were, without a second notice, hurried literally off the face of the earth, and at once consigned to an endless eternity. The unfortunate sufferers were the tenants of O'Donoghue of the Glens; and in every instance whole families have been swept away altogether."—*Western Herald*.

*The Casquet*.—The following is the account relating to London bridge, which we noticed last week in the *Casquet*; against which periodical, by the by, we have a reclamation accusing it of having pirated its woodcuts and much of its letter-press (without the slightest acknowledgment) from *The Chronicles of London Bridge*; a very interesting work, of which we spoke highly in our review at the time of its publication.

It is stated that "Canute, king of Denmark, when he besieged London, was impeded in his operations by a bridge, which, even at that time, must have been strongly fortified, as it obliged him to have recourse to the following expedient. He caused a prodigious ditch to be cut on the south side of the Thames, commencing at Rotherhithe, and which he continued, at a distance from the south end of the bridge, in the form of a semicircle, opening again into the western part of the river. Through this he drew his ships, and effectually completed the blockade of the city. Evidences of this great work were found, and are still to be seen, in the place called Dock Head, at the end of Tooley Street, where it was first commenced. Fascines of hazels and other brushwood, fastened down with stakes, were discovered in digging that dock in 1694; large oaken planks, and numbers of piles, have also been discovered in other parts of its course. So far the above account, as related by Pennant and other historians; but, with due deference to them, without resorting to speculative arguments on the great improbability of such a gigantic canal having been made, so as to alter, artificially, the course of the river, and completed in so short a space of time, and under such circumstances as those antiquarians relate, the author of this paper personally observed one fact, in 1837, that was more convincing than a thousand such speculative arguments as Pennant's can be, to account for all the oak, timber, piles, and hazel-wood, &c. found at different times, in digging about that neighbourhood, which goes to prove that they were deposited there by *natural*, not *artificial*, causes. In 1826-7, an excavation was made the whole length of Bermondsey Street, into Tooley Street, for the purpose of building a new sewer; and the following is a correct description of the ground cut through; viz. the first few feet of course, were made ground, merely rubbish; then came a thick close sedimentary deposit, of alluvial clay and Thames-river mud, averaging about seven to ten feet thick, which evidently had its origin in the tidal and sedimentary matter from the adjacent river; below this mud and clayey deposit was a close stratum of peat, tightly compressed, varying materially in thickness in different places along the street, but averaging from two to four and five feet in thickness. This peat was chiefly composed of vestiges of hazel-trees, hazel-nuts (in beautiful

preservation), fragments of oak, beech, and other trees, and leaves and stems of various plants confusedly intermixed, the wood and hazel-nuts and the oak differing in no respect in their character from what might be grown at the present time in the same neighbourhood. This peat and wood had undergone no apparent chymical change; it was highly saturated with moisture, had rather an agreeable odour, of a light brown colour; and fragments of the hazel and oak wood, on being kept in a dry situation for two or three months, shrunk into about one-tenth of their original size by the evaporation of the combined water, but left the outside bark in its original shape, while the remaining inside ligneous fibre of the hazel or oak became (on cutting it with a knife) nearly as black and as hard as ebony. Below this stratum of peat came the usual angular fragments, called by geologists diluvial gravel; consisting of fragments of flint, reposing on the great argillaceous deposit of the blue London clay. The writer of this paper has also distinctly traced a continuous formation of the above peat stratum, and the alluvial mud and clay reposing on it, along the banks of the Thames at Limehouse, and at the new entrance now digging for the London Docks, as well as at the excavation of the East India Docks, Blackwall, and in that neighbourhood. From the above statement of facts, one or two interesting inferences or deductions may be drawn. First—that, at the time when the above hazel-trees and wood were growing (at the depth now of ten or twelve feet), the relative level of the height of the water in the Thames must have been at least twelve feet lower than it is at present. Secondly—it is highly probable that, even long anterior to the time of the Romans, this forest or wood must have become submerged by the vast accumulation of the Thames' sedimentary mud and clay, thereby accounting for the progressive rise in the relative level of the river to that which we at present witness at high water."

*Memorial to George III.*—About eight or ten years ago, a subscription was entered into for the erection of a monument to the memory of the father of his people, our venerated sovereign George III. The design was supplied by Matthew Wyatt, Esq. (whose monument to the Princess Charlotte, at Windsor, is one of the finest works of art of which England can boast), and consisted of a full-length figure of his Majesty in a car, drawn by four horses: these horses were much admired as noble specimens of animal sculpture. The subscription, however, owing to some misunderstanding in a high quarter, did not amount to a sufficient sum to enable the artist to execute the proposed work; and the expense necessarily incurred in models, advertisements, &c. still farther diminished it. At length a general meeting was called, and it was resolved that whenever 3000*l.* was realised, it should be employed in the erection of such a suitable monument as that sum could command, in a fitting site in the metropolis. The period having arrived, another general meeting was held yesterday, pursuant to public advertisements; and the above resolution was confirmed. Lord Kenyon, Colonel Trench, M.P., J. Ramsbottom, Esq. M.P., Sir John Campbell, Colonel Gaitakell, Mr. C. Blenden, and Mr. Jerdan, were chosen a committee, with full powers to complete the design.

*Quære!*—The following advertisement appears in a shoemaker's window in the Strand; what it means we cannot tell: it is simply this, "*Women's men wanted.*"

*Duke of Saxe Weimar.*—The commander of a division of the Dutch army is a literary character, and has written a volume of travels in America. He is a very large man, and, though full of activity, is more like a Falstaff on horseback than a Percy.

*French Journals.*—*Le Globe*, which is the organ of the Saint-Simoniens in Paris, recommends the publication of the names of the writers in the various French journals; and, by way of example, has published the names of its own editors and contributors.

*A Dramatic Sketch.*  
Dramatis Personæ.

*I*, is the first person.  
*Thou*, is the second person.  
*He, She, or It*, is the third person.

Scene.—*The residence of Lindley Murray, Esq.; the entrance occupied by Mutes.*

*I*. Those sentinels, in sable clad,  
Why stand they there supinely sad?

*Thou*. To mimic sorrow they convene,  
And mark the door where death has been;  
But vain it were if I should ask

For whom they speed their mournful task,  
Since he, whose door they have surrounded,  
Has said that mutes cannot be sounded.

*He, She, or It*. Death, then, if I have rightly  
Was so irregular a word, [heard,  
That Murray, though he might define it,  
Was quite unable to decline it.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXIV. Aug. 30.]

We observe, from a prospectus sent to us, that the Works of the late Rev. R. Hall are to consist of six volumes; the Memoir of his Life, by Dr. Gregory, to be in the last.

An improved edition of Ellis's Polynesian Researches, with the fourth and concluding volume—The Greek Testament, with English Notes by the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D.—Rough Sketches of the Life of an old Soldier, during a service in the West Indies, the Peninsula, France, &c., by Lieut.-Col. J. Leach, C.B., is announced.—The Topography and Antiquities of Rome, by the Rev. Richard Burgess.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alice Seymour, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Third Series, Vol. III. finishing the Session of 1830-31, royal 8vo. 2*l.* bds.; 3*l.* 3s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Rev. J. Knight's Discourses on Miracles, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Malcolm's Dictionary of the Bible, 18mo. 3*s.* 6d. hf.-bd.—Bayley's Tales of the late Revolutions, &c. fcp. 8s. cloth.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. July 1831.

Thermometer—Highest.....	78.50°
Lowest.....	42.50
Mean.....	58.77822
Barometer—Highest.....	30.49
Lowest.....	29.36
Mean.....	29.72322

Number of days of rain, 10.

Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 3.4625.

Winds.—3 East—5 West—8 North—0 South—2 North-east—0 South-east—9 South-west—4 North-west.

General Observations.—With the exception of last year, the month was hotter than since 1827, and the minimum of the thermometer was above any in the same month for the last eight years; the barometer was also high, and bore the same similarity to the year 1827, as respects the mean and both the extremes: upwards of an inch more rain than in last July, and it fell chiefly in thunder-showers, of which there were six during the month; some very heavy, particularly on the 16th and 28th, when the thunder was very loud, and the lightning vivid: during a great part of the month the air was in a highly electric state—the wind chiefly from the north and north-west. The evaporation 0.70625 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The morbid feeling in B. F. S.'s lines recommended them to our attention; but the composition is not such as to warrant publication.

We cannot insert the young (very young) lover's complaint of his mistress's unkindness, beginning—

"Oh! why do I gaze with such rapture on thee?

And why do I foolishly sigh?"

And the "why" thus accounted for:

"Oh! why, like the dawn, dost thou kill the young rose?"

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALM MALL.

The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters of the various Schools of Painting, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
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Some account of the destructive fire in the Choir and "Chapels of our Lady" in 1569, is given in the last Number.

York: Published by John and George Kedd, Stonegate; and sold by Messrs. Nichols and Son, Longman and Co., and Baldwin and Co., London.

Medallion of the King.—Messrs. DOBBS and CO. have just published an embossed Medallion of His present Majesty, for correctness of likeness, and elegance of workmanship, they trust will be found to equal that of his late Majesty, to which it is intended as a Companion.

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1881, JAVIER, LONDON.

## MUSIC.

On Monday will be published,

## THE POLISH MELODIES.

The Words and Music by J. AUGUSTINE WADE, Esq.

Author of "The Dwelling of Fancy," "Songs of the Flowers," &c. &c.

Contents. The Polish Serenade. The Maniac's Song. Oh! shame on ye, Kingdoms of Earth!

The Polish War Song. Who are the Free? Oh! shame on ye, Kingdoms of Earth!

James Cochran and Co. 11, Waterloo Place.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Just published, in 4to. price 30s. Illustrated by Nine Engravings, viz. Four large folding Plates of a Survey of the Thames, and the Instruments employed; One 4to. and Two folding Plates of the Graphical Register of the Tides and Winds; and Two 4to. Plates of Magnetic Apparatus and Negative Quantities.

## THE PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. 1881.

Part I.

Contents: Capt. Robertson's Observations on the Comet of 1828.—Professor Barrow on Fluid-Refracting Telescopes.—Mr. Lubbock's Researches in Physical Astronomy.—Mr. W. Storer Harris on the Transient Magnetic State of different Substances.—Mr. Davis Gilbert on Negative and Imaginary Quantities.—Professor Barrow on the Phenomena of Terrestrial Magnetism.—Mr. Ivory on the Equilibrium of Fluids, and the Figure of a Homogeneous Planet.—Professor Davy on an Electro-Chemical Method of Detecting Metallic Poisons.—Mr. Baily on Atmospheric Electricity.—Mr. Lloyd's Survey of the River Thames, from London Bridge to the Sea.—Mr. Fox on the Variable Intensity of Terrestrial Magnetism.—Mr. Palmer on a Graphical Register of the Tides and Wind.—Professor Barrow on the Course of the Course of Vessels from Local Attraction.—Mr. Lubbock on the Meteorological Observations made at the Royal Society.—The Meteorological Journal of the Royal Society, from June to Dec. 1880.

On the 30th of July was published, the Third Number of

## THE BEAUTIES OF THE COURT OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

Edited by the Author of "the Diary of an Exile."

A Series of Portraits of the beautiful and celebrated Women of the court and reign of Charles the Second, forming a splendid illustration of the Memoirs of Dr Grammont, the Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, and other works connected with that gay and interesting period; with Biographical and Critical Notices, which the editor has been collecting for many years, from the most authentic sources.

Lord Orford observed, fifty years ago, that "the Beauties at Windsor ought to be engraved to illustrate the Memoirs of their charming historiographer, Count Hamilton." It is singular that since that time no attempt has been made to produce these lovely portraits in a style worthy of the beauty and interest of the subjects. Of the fourteen pictures at Windsor, six only have hitherto been engraved; it is therefore hoped that the present work will supply what has long been a desideratum in the fine arts.

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